



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Pend Oreille Rendezvous” – “BC Beach Cruising”
“Around Town” – “Strength of a Sail”

Volume 25 – Number 1

May 15, 2007



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On the Cover...

Following up on Alan Hamlett's story on the charms of camp cruising in freighter canoes in the April 1 issue, in this issue Peter Osberg takes us freighter canoe beach cruising on the British Columbia coast with a preliminary discussion on building his own freighter canoes.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My comments on this page in the April 1 issue about a "terrorist" motivated suggestion espoused by the Commandant of the Coast Guard as justification for increasing government presence (licensing) in our boating activities elicited some responses from readers concerned about this subject. Two longer discussions appear on the "You write to us about..." page in this issue, page 4, "Basic Knowledge is Missing" and "Remember Who Has the Guns." A shorter one, accompanied by a brochure put out by the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission I have chosen to include here as a basis for yet more comments (!) from me. Reader Gene Galipeau has the following to say:

"This is the beginning of the end. This brochure would be a joke if it wasn't such serious business. It is all about revenue as I see it and making people think something positive is being done. Smoke and mirrors! Gene Galipeau, Stanwood, WA"

The brochure is a professionally done (at some significant cost to taxpayers, I would estimate) trifolded pamphlet on glossy paper in full color entitled "Mandatory Boating Safety Education for Washington Boaters." It announces that as of January 1, 2008, a "new law requires boaters 12 years of age and older to pass a boating safety course or an equivalency exam and obtain a Boater Education Card before operating a motorized vessel of 15 horsepower or greater." Well, at least those who operate wind and human powered (and small outboard powered) boats in Washington still fall beneath the government radar.

The program is being phased in, starting in 2008, with all boaters 12 to 20 years of age and then in successive years through 2014 raising the age limit five years annually (25 and under in 2009, 30 and under in 2010, etc.). I read this as meaning that all those youngsters who get their cards in 2008 will come up for a renewal in 2009 (25 and under) and so on thereafter. So perhaps there is something to Gene's suspicion of this being "all about revenue."

Who escapes this encroaching arm of big government? Anybody born before 1955. Older guys are OK, don't need education even if they become first time boaters after age 50. This probably exempts a fair number of legislators and state and local officials who might also enjoy boating. Commercial fishermen with commercial licenses. Holders of USCG marine operator's licenses. Operators of government vessels exempt from state registration while at work (but not

at play). Persons engaged in any permitted racing event on the site of the event.

With all this who's exempt and who isn't out of the way, what about the education part of all this? Any boating safety course approved by the National Association of State Boating Administrators and the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission is acceptable. Course can be classroom or home study. Boaters with a lot of experience may take the equivalency exam. For Washington readers wanting to know more, call (360) 902-8844 or go to www.parks.wa.gov/boating.

So this is a good example of how we become subjected to ever more regulation in the interests of safety. This sort of thing is probably in effect already in other states (the brochure mentions Oregon).

I noted a while back that boating fatalities nationwide come in at under 1,000 annually, 700 something was the last figure I saw. So boating safety, while a bona fide concern for all of us, is hardly out of control, especially given the number of boats now afloat in congested harbors. Despite all the potential for lots of serious accidents, how come there are so few in terms of total boats afloat? Is it possible that a majority of those afloat do indeed have some sense about proper operation of boats, gained from experience, voluntary boating safety courses such as the Power Squadron and local boating clubs run, even common sense?

My reservations about all this sort of official effort to control the public behavior in the interest of the safety of all of us venturing out into public are based upon lack of faith in the competence and capability of those charged with imposing and enforcing such sweeping regulatory efforts. Driver Ed in high school was supposed to turn out youthful drivers who know how to drive safely, yet I am told that such youth, right out of school, have the highest accident rates on the highways. How come? Didn't they learn? How well were they taught?

Boating safety has been a voluntarily acquired skill for a long time, based on enlightened self-interest. We didn't wanna get hurt or drowned. Because there are so many more people afloat now, the incidence of accidents, injuries, and drownings has increased to the point where big government steps in with its heavy-footed regulations. Since singling out the ones who are likely to cause problems is seemingly not possible, just place the yoke, as I put it earlier, on everyone. Herd everyone into the paddock and put the yokes on us all. The days of individual responsibility are numbered.



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Activities & Events...

Lake Pepin Messabout

I would greatly appreciate it if you could mention in our magazine the upcoming Lake Pepin Messabout on June 1-3 at Lake City, Minnesota. This free event is open to all boat builders, those who are thinking of being boat builders, and folks who just like wooden boats.

Full details and a link to a story about last year's event can be found at <http://tinyurl.com/y8v6es>.

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

Information of Interest...

Ed Monk Scholarship Fund Announced

The Ed Monk Memorial Award Fund has been established to provide educational opportunities for professionals working in traditional maritime trades. The mission of the award is to further maritime professionals' knowledge of traditional marine trades in other cultures.

Study and research may include current and historical methods of boat construction using different materials, designs based on the functions to be served by the boats, materials available for construction, and the state of technology.

The Center for Wooden Boats is seeking applications from qualified persons. Applications are due on or before June 1, 2007. The applicant should explain how the project will enrich the existing knowledge of the applicant and how the funds would be used. The budget for the grant may include transportation, housing, and other appropriate expenses.

Also required is the background of the applicant in traditional marine trades and a list of references. Decisions by the application committee will be made by or before July 1. Funds granted must be used within one year of the award. A written report of the activities and benefit derived from the experience must be submitted to CWB. Grants awarded will total \$4,000.

The award was named to honor Ed Monk, a prominent and respected boat designer and builder in the Northwest.

The fund was established by John M. Goodfel-low, who has participated in the hands-on history activities at The Center for Wooden Boats. He is an advocate of preserving traditional maritime skills and wishes to encourage this through studies of those traditional skills being carried on beyond the applicants' local regions and local knowledge. *WoodenBoat Publications* has supplemented the Ed Monk Fund.

The application committee consists of the donor and CWB's Founding Director Dick Wagner. Applicants can be of any locality, wishing to study indigenous designs, materials, and techniques of other areas. For more information, contact Dick Wagner at (206) 382-2628.

The Center for Wooden Boats. 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, www.cwb.org

Information Wanted...

Used Boats Cheap on the Internet

While scouring the internet looking for a used boat I could afford, I came across a website that had a mess of donated used small boats, the URI Foundation. The sailboats were going pretty cheaply. I assume that there may be other sites for charitable organizations that accept and sell donated boats. Does anyone know of any?

On another subject, I am looking for information on garvey style boats. I am familiar with the Sucher and Chapelle books but there must be more on this type of boat, especially in the Barnegat Bay and Delaware Bay areas.

Lastly, does anyone know if the E.G. Ragsdale boat plans are still available?

Scott Shepard, P.O. Box 637, Wilton, ME 04294

Opinions...

Basic Knowledge is Missing

I have a few thoughts about your commentary, on "The annual springtime appearance of boating regulations," April 1, 2007. I agree with you completely about the terrorism crap and also about the term "licensing." Your comments are on the money.

The real problem is the lack of basic knowledge displayed by the average messer when it comes to operating a vessel on our waterway system, starting with the legal requirement of displaying hull numbers. In Florida, and every state with which I am familiar, the requirement is that the numbers and letters be separated with a space or a dash as in FL 1234 MA. Imagine searching for a particular boat in a moderate to heavy sea using binoculars and trying to decipher FL1234MA. It is appalling how many boats photographed at launching in our magazine have this wrong.

The next most misunderstood regulation concerns proper lighting. Recently while rowing, as I entered the Intracoastal Waterway just after daylight, I saw a boat at anchor with navigation lights displayed. The vessel was on the far eastern side of the channel facing south with the incoming tide and clearly at anchor. All night long this boat caused every vessel underway (especially those northbound) to question their position as his "running" lights indicated that he was also underway and should be passed on his left side which would have caused certain grounding if not more catastrophic damage. Not a real problem in a 15' skiff, but how about a 41' Hunter with a wing keel?

These examples are just the tip of the iceberg and clearly indicate a need for training, and certification. A one-time comprehensive course and not a four to six year renewable source of revenue for the state would be a good start. Once a boater is certified there would be no excuse for his or her not knowing the rules and the fines could reflect the severity of the infraction. A person wouldn't need a "license" but would need to

prove compliance and be held accountable for his or hers actions. We also need those charged with enforcement to be thoroughly trained and have an understanding of which rules should take priority at any given time. I've seen life jacket checks pursued with vigor in calm backwaters when every rule in the book was being violated just a few hundred yards away.

It seems simple to me.

Jim Sauers, Port Orange, FL

Remember Who Has the Guns!

I enjoyed your Commentary on licensing and Homeland Security and the prospects of further government intrusion into boating. A few things come to mind:

Connecticut has had licensing for 13 years. All I can say for the law is that at least the certificate is supposedly permanent and not an excuse to charge a fee every year. From my perspective it hasn't made the waters of Connecticut any safer. Crazies are still crazies, on the road, the water, or wherever we encounter them.

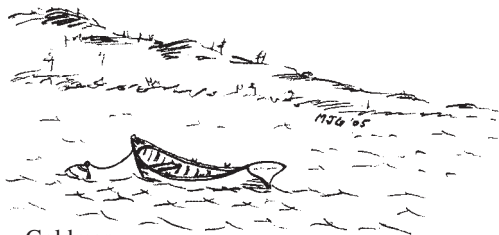
Licensing has cramped the style of many of our young people. I always pay attention when your writers tell about childhood boating experiences. Connecticut restricts them to 10hp until age 12, which may seem sensible to some, but when we moan and groan about kids spending all their time indoors with the TV and computer, what sense does it make to cut them off from one of the great outdoor activities? Parents, as the liable boat owners, probably have something to say if kids are a danger to others and completely out of hand.

One little boy was my hero. I delivered his mom's boat by water to Candlewood Lake with the promise of a boat ride back to the ramp to get my truck. When I was ready to go she said that her six-year-old son would take me. I must have raised my eyebrows or something because she said, "relax, Boyd, he's been running the boat by himself since he was four." The trip was flawless. By the next summer his family had moved to Arizona, selling the boat and the lake house, so when licensing came in he wasn't around to be told that he was too young to do something that he had mastered so well.

Heavy-handed authority on the water seems completely out of place. Fortunately for me I've never had an experience as bad as one customer who had a Navy patrol boat point a machine gun at him as he went up the middle of the channel of the Thames River past the Groton sub base. He had no camera, no binoculars, nothing except a 1931 17' mahogany ChrisCraft, which I guess is a model preferred by terrorists. He had a slip at the struggling city marina in Norwich. When he got back he complained to Norwich, complained to the Navy, and when these complaints fell on deaf ears, vowed to never go out on the Thames again, leaving the city with one more empty slip.

A friend of my dad's, whose brash manner got him safely around the world in a sailboat, was shot dead rowing into a secured area during WWII. He supposedly told a sentry to buzz off, which would have been my reaction to the Groton patrol. It's always good to remember who has the guns and, as much as possible, hope that military hardware and attitudes can be kept off the water.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Went for a brief sail last November, after all it registered 60° and the sun nearly shone and the breeze pushed hard, about 12 to 15kts, enough to wet our rail. I bent on the working jib so I wouldn't have to fight the helm so much whenever a puff laid us over. The first mate abused a windward stanchion with a grip like a Stillson wrench. I believe the water that ran down her nose was spray but figured it more prudent not to inquire. I spilled considerable wind and thereby avoided open mutiny.

The motor performed well after having been temperamental the last time we went out. I've been running it a couple of times a week and that always helps. Outboards don't like being left unused too long, they tend to get sulky, feel slighted and resentful and, consequently, often aren't responsive. I've often found roses and loving platitudes effective. In drastic cases I've had to resort to theater tickets and dinner in dim lit bistros.

We didn't see many vessels in Fishers Island Sound, three or four sailboats, a few small powerboats fishing off the rocks, and a dark hulled trawler steaming along the far shore with both her booms tucked up. We went as far as Middle Clump, tacked to the west and beat to Seaflower Reef. The wind whistled out of the south-southwest. As balmy a day as we're likely to have so late in the boating season.

Is there a boating season? I know most pleasure boaters prefer easy living except for the diehard fishers, the type who anxiously await the weekend and bounce on board before the sun wakes up. These are the guys in their oilskins with thermoses of coffee and their dogs, pounding out to blue water in search of tuna. Maybe the dogs help track the fish to their lairs. You can't have too good a nose when it comes to fish.

When we reached the steel beacon at Seaflower Reef I came about and headed back to Noank. Beyond the reef the Sound had a nasty chop, the influence of the rips pouring through the Race. Coming home on a broad reach we had the surf on our quarter. I had to steer small to keep her on course but it wasn't in any way arduous. Outside of West Cove I hauled in the main, then flung the tiller over my shoulder, jibed her, and headed in.

Our mooring field, totally devoid of boats, had nothing save little place markers bobbing in the water. Across the channel, by Morgan Point, some stalwart craft remained. One of these, a gaff rigged wooden sloop built on the lines of a Down East fishing boat, has low freeboard at her waist and lots of sheer, a generous bowsprit, and a boom extending well abaft the transom. A totally open boat, and maybe a wet one, but also a worthy craft in a heavy sea provided you reef before it gets too snotty. Her sails remained well furled but uncovered. I trust she goes out occasionally to taste the spray and flatten out her wrinkles.

With a bit of luck the weather might allow us out a few more times. I can't resign myself to covering *MoonWind*. Perhaps I'll just rig a tarpaulin over her cockpit. Soon the snow and ice will overwhelm the shore, but now the sun is shining. Last year I sailed *MoonWind* 'til Thanksgiving, then I had her hauled. This winter she stays in the water where a boat belongs.

One of these winters I'll leave the ice-clad water behind and descend the latitudes. I'll need new charts of the East Coast, I gave most of mine to the young fellow who outbid me for that twin keel sloop at our local boatyard auction year before last. We met at Carson's diner a few weeks later.

"I'm off to the Islands next week," he told me. "Come along for a shakedown tomorrow, let me know what you think of her." He and I and his lady friend spent a tentative afternoon skimming about the Sound. She answered her helm better than I expected and probably proves quite stable in heavy weather. I gave them three orange life jackets, four books of well-thumbed charts, and ample license to feast upon the world.

Hopefully they save me a generous helping of wind and a goblet brimmed with sunshine...

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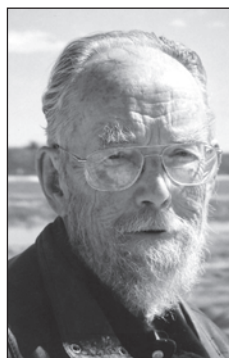
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Folks in Mobile and Baldwin Counties in coastal Alabama think of one thing first when they hear the word "jubilee." Good eating! A jubilee is the rare phenomenon during which fish, crabs, shrimp, and other marine creatures come into shallow water and are easily caught in great quantities. Those most affected are bottom-dwelling fish like flounders, stingrays, and catfish, but records show that speckled trout, green trout, drum, and mullet also show up. Some jubilees are of all one species, some are a mix. You might see all blue crabs in one jubilee, a combination of flounder and shrimp in the next. There are almost always eels and needlefish swimming near the shore during a jubilee.

The creatures, with the exception of crabs and eels, don't come up onto the beach. Most of the fish come into very shallow water and are so lethargic that they don't try to swim away when people are after them. Very few fish or crustaceans actually die during jubilees, except for those caught by jubilee enthusiasts. Whatever you catch is perfectly safe to eat.

Mobile Bay is famous for its jubilees. Although they have occurred elsewhere, Mobile Bay is the only body of water in which this phenomenon occurs regularly. Most jubilees happen on the eastern shore of the bay from Mullet Point on the south end, northward along Point Clear, Battles, Fairhope, Montrose, Daphne, almost to Spanish Fort. Daphne is the self-proclaimed "jubilee capitol of the world" with its own annual jubilee festival. There have been a few instances of jubilees on the western shore of Mobile Bay at Deer River and Dog River, and a few on the south side near Fort Morgan. Only one jubilee has been recorded north of Spanish Fort. It took place on March 23, 1959.

Only a few other places have recorded occurrences similar to the Mobile Bay jubilees. On December 19, 1961, in Sydney, Australia, snappers and groupers up to 20 pounds, as well as yellowfish and mackerel, struggled to the shore and died. Authorities warned people not to eat the fish. They believed that this incident occurred as a result of some localized pollution.

In Chesapeake Bay there are frequent mortalities of blue crabs held in crab traps in deep water during summer months. These deaths have been attributed to a lack of oxygen. In Mobile Bay, however, mortalities seldom occur. After several hours of languid behavior, the fish, shrimp, and crabs simply swim off.

In Apalachicola, Florida, on September 13, 1960, some children were waiting for a school bus around 7:30am. They saw a number of flounders near the beach and were able to catch them with their hands. This sounds like an actual jubilee.

One other incident deserves to be told here in detail. This miracle of the fishes took place at the Methodist Seashore Campground in Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1876. In the minute book of the trustees, the president reports the following:

"A most remarkable circumstance, worthy of note as a matter of recorded history, is the visit to the campground of a multitude of fishes, large and small, of various kinds and qualities, on the morning and forenoon of the day on which the camp meeting opened. Hundreds of thousands of fish filled the waters in front of the encampment, so gentle and tame as to be caught with the naked hand

The Joys of Nature



By Sonja Wood Mahler

The Cry of "Jubilee"

and thrown upon the shores, and approaching even to the water's edge so that many were caught by persons standing on the shore. Large quantities of the finest fish the waters afford were caught for the use of the people encamped, and after all were supplied to their highest satisfaction, several loads were hauled away to prevent decay upon the shore. If not a miracle wrought to supply the wants of the multitudes of people congregated, it was at least a wonderful phenomenon, the like of which was never known to happen in these quarters before."

Sources as varied as the *National Geographic*, the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, and the *Christian Observer* have written that, to their knowledge, nowhere is there any consistent phenomenon like the jubilees of Mobile Bay.

Jubilees are most likely to occur from June through September. In the years between 1950 and 1962 records showed that there were 11 jubilees in June, 19 in July, 25 in August, and six in September. There are always exceptions, of course. There was a great jubilee on February 16, 1959, the day before I was born, that extended from Point Clear south beyond Zundel's Wharf.

Some years there may be as many as ten jubilees. Some years there will be none at all. They are completely unpredictable. In 1959, there were jubilees on July 6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 14, 22, and 29. That year flounders were so plentiful in Fairhope that a 100lb bag would only bring \$4.00 (4¢ a pound). In 1960 there was a jubilee on June 7, 8, and 9. Since conditions continued to be ideal, thousands of people waited around on the beaches the night of June 10. But there was no jubilee that night. On those occasions when people come from miles around and nothing happens, locals call it a "people jubilee."

In 1962 the whole summer passed without a jubilee and on September 2 the *Mobile Press Register* published a story lamenting the fact that that year had not had any action. The fish were late getting their newspapers, but on September 7 they gathered together and came out in full force. There was another big jubilee on September 15.

A jubilee may affect the entire eastern shore from Mullet Point to Daphne, a distance of 15 miles, or it may be limited to only a few hundred feet of beach. The smaller

jubilees occur more often but are more difficult to locate. Incoming tides move from south to north in Mobile Bay and that is the direction in which jubilees usually progress. If a jubilee begins at Point Clear it may last a while there, then reappear farther north in Fairhope and later farther up in Daphne.

Jubilees occur as a result of the mixture of salt and fresh water. Harold Loesch, who had a Master's Degree in Biological Oceanography from Texas A&M University and who worked for the Alabama State Conservation Department from 1954 to 1958, closely studied the jubilee phenomenon. He stated that there are four prerequisites for a jubilee:

Mild weather for at least a week.

A mild easterly wind.

A rising tide.

A nearby source of fresh water.

A tremendous amount of fresh water flows into Mobile Bay from the rivers that drain most of the state of Alabama. There is a rising tide once a day, although its strength varies with the position of the moon. However, mild weather and mild east winds occur only occasionally. This may be why jubilees occur infrequently and irregularly.

Mr. Loesch measured the amount of oxygen in Mobile Bay. He found that at 3' there were six parts of oxygen to 1,000 parts of water. At 5' the ratio was the same. But at 9' the oxygen dropped sharply to .46 parts per 1,000. Since salt water weighs more than fresh water, Mr. Loesch theorized that wedges of salt water are brought northward by the tide along the bottom of the bay. If the water were calm along the eastern shore, the result of an easterly or offshore breeze, the salt water would gradually move toward the shore, pushing the crabs and fish before it until they are practically on the beach. Because of the low oxygen content, the creatures lose energy and their will to try to escape.

Each year tons of leaves, plants, and wood debris are brought into Mobile Bay by waters from the Blakeley, Apalachee, Tensaw, and Mobile Rivers. This material settles to the bottom of the bay and decays. Mr. Loesch was one of the first to determine that the plants and driftwood brought into the bay use up a lot of oxygen in decaying. During the summer decomposition is accelerated. The oxygen supply is rapidly depleted from the layer of salty water along the bottom of the bay.

Some fish can easily swim over the top of the advancing low oxygen water mass. Bottom-dwelling fish and crustaceans are not as good at escaping. They cannot buoy themselves and are not able to swim vigorously enough to remain above it. Once the oxygen-poor water moves into shore, the fish and shellfish swimming in front of it are trapped. Creatures who once occupied hundreds of acres of bay floor will now be teeming along the water's edge. Jubilee-affected creatures behave very strangely in an attempt to get oxygen from the air. Blue crabs blow bubbles from their mouths as they cling to pilings. Flounder lie at the water's edge gulping air and passing it over their gills. Eels leave the water and burrow tail-first into the moist sand, leaving their heads in the air with open mouths.

A jubilee usually begins between midnight and dawn and lasts from 20 minutes to two hours. By 8am the fish have usually dispersed. However, jubilees have been known to take place in the middle of the day. A jubilee usually just fades away but sometimes

something distinctive like a thunderstorm or a wave from a ship leaving the port of Mobile will stir up the water and bring it to a sudden end. The affected creatures then swim back to deeper water until the next jubilee!

One morning my dad was on the Fort Morgan peninsula, working along the shoreline of Mobile Bay. He noticed lots of flounders "floundering" in the shallow water and flopping against the sea wall. He caught a number of them with a landing net and put them into an ice chest. There was one huge flounder that wouldn't fit in his net and he didn't have a floundering gig. He walked into the wooded area nearby and found a stick to sharpen. He gipped the huge flounder with the stick and lifted it out of the water but lost it at the last second when it flipped off the stick and swam away. He then turned his attention to collecting the shrimp that were swimming here and there along the seawall. By the end of the morning he had a nice mess of flounder and shrimp to prepare for supper.

Jack C. Gallalee wrote a booklet called *Jubilees*. In it he describes one Point Clear resident during his first experience. Like my dad, he could not find a flounder gig but he grabbed his grandfather's Confederate sword off the wall and dashed out into the water with it. One famous jubilee took place at Battles Wharf, where 150 Girl Scouts were spending the week at Camp Cullen. When the call sounded, the Girl Scouts rushed into the water. Into the water behind them went the nuns, with buckets in hand, dressed in their full religious habits.

This is not just another "fish tale." Picture it in your mind. What a treat to stand on the sand and take in the scene. People living near the shore ringing bells, wives calling the people on their phone list to alert them that a jubilee has begun. There is no waiting until the next morning. By then it will be too late. Children wearing pajamas tucked into rubber boots, families with washtubs, buckets, ice chests, and nets, men in boats floating over the shallow water with flounder gigs, neighbors laughing and comparing their catches. Flashlights and spotlights and lanterns... everywhere little lights shining into the water, everywhere the shouts of "jubilee!"

The dictionary defines a jubilee as "a season or occasion of general joy," and the word fits perfectly here. A big, spontaneous community beach party in the wee hours of the morning. Celebrating this free, easily caught, abundant gift from the sea. And the next day all those families and friends sharing feasts of seafood, and putting the rest into their freezers to enjoy later in the year.



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The Pend Oreille Rendezvous, brain-child of that most hospitable fellow, Bob Simmons, was such a joy in 2005 that I was wondering if I could justify a repeat this past year. For a year or more an oil technology guy from Calgary has been showing an interest in my little fantail, *Victoria*. He would get fired up and then go off to Kuwait and disappear.

I was thinking that if I could lure him down to Pend O for a delivery it would help pay for some \$3 gas. Then along comes Steve Axon suggesting that he could help drive and even stand up at the pump. Well, Steve has a place in Challis staffed by come-ly wimminfolk who set a fine table. It looked as if the planets might align.

For some years Tom Gale has evinced interest in a Lil' Pickle hull lying in my yard. This seemed an opportune time to suggest a free delivery. I knew that I would be amply repaid as visitors to the Gale establishment are assured of comfy digs and fine food.

Things were coming together and finally jelled when the Canadian's check arrived. Mid August saw the Dakota pulling a trailer with the A Duckah! on the bottom and the 16' fantail upside down on the upper level. Hidden under the fantail was the dark green Lil' Pickle hull.

The run to Ogden should be an easy daylight trip, but with a late start and SL City traffic, it was dark when I came over the hill to see the lights of the Cache Valley. Rather than try to find the right turn, I just took a shot in the right direction, knowing that I had to cut the railroad that led right to Tom's place.

To see Tom's conversion of a big old grain warehouse into a dwelling shop complex is truly inspiring. The icing on the cake is the yard full of foreign autos and bargain boats.

We checked out his latest acquisition, a miniature Bay Bird. It's 18' and very lightly built. It's got a nice shape but I'm glad it's not my project. Well, realistically, it's proba-

Pend Oreille

By Jim Thayer
Photos by Axon and Thayer

bly a better project than my Sow's Ear.

Morning saw me away northward, full of good breakfast and happy to be on a complex of paved back country roads. Up near the Idaho border, if you are curious enough to stop at a point of interest, you will find yourself at the place where the ancient Lake Bonneville overtopped a ridge and drained away toward the Snake.

At a number of locations in the Northwest you will see where a great flood resulted from the melting of an ice dam or other calamity. While crawling across these vast spaces, the mind can be entertained by imagining what sailing those ancient lakes must have been like. Better anchor out on account of the saber tooth tigers!

Late afternoon found me in front of the nifty and neat Axon cottage (Queen Ann, I think) restoration project. It's worth the trip just to see the immense front yard squash vine. Steve's lovely wife Helen has a super garden filled with marvelous tomatoes and other vegetal goodies. Before long the inner man had been rescued from the rigors of the road.

The top rack on my trailer is supported by square tubes which slip into larger square tube sockets. The sockets are drilled with a nut welded over so that a bolt can lock the two tubes together. I noticed that the locking bolt was missing but dismissed the notion that the rack could jump out with a load on it. About an hour south of Challis I noticed something amiss with the trailer. Evidently the 1"x4" crossbar had dried out, losing the bolts holding it to the square tube, so the stanchion, feeling useless and abandoned, jumped ship. My trailers hold up pretty well but this

one had been sitting for most of a decade and I didn't check it like I should have.

Steve dipped into his stash of furniture grade wood and made me a nice replacement stanchion. The run to Pend Oreille was pleasant and uneventful.

This year's rendezvous was to be at an island near the eastern shore. I had arranged the hull pickup for Glengary Marina on the western shore, which involved another couple of hours on the road. This, you must understand, disturbed Steve's keen regard for optimum organization and efficiency. He may have also foreseen the possibility of having to row a couple of extra miles. As it turned out, this arrangement was for the best.

We arrived at Glengary to find no sign of our Canadian friend and the fancy stanchion broken as well. Not to worry! Within a half hour our customer, having gotten there earlier and gone off looking for food, reappeared and the hull was exchanged for a handful of legal tender.

His lovely wife Rita had volunteered her little RAV4 for the mission and a suitable rack had been engineered. The little car was somewhat upstaged by the 16' hull. Aside from some wobbles from passing trucks, the trip back to Calgary was reported to be without incident.

In short order the A Duckah! was launched, loaded, and sailing. To "set sail" is an archaic term which frequently means to fire up the motor, or in our case, to man the oars. One would think that Steve, being something of a physical cultist, would revel in rowing, but I suspect such is not the case.

Late afternoon found us, with the help of innocent bystanders, hauling the boat up on the rocky shore of the island. Our landing, open to the southwest, with several miles of fetch, had been advertised as a dangerous lee shore.

We immediately fell in with a small group of splendid follows, including the



GMB road wagon.



A warm, woody welcome.

Island pier.



Gordon's Yanmar single.





The A Duckah! laid back.

Herb's Chinese lug rig.



The Canadian scooper doing its thing.

The fantail made it home to Calgary.



inimitable Simmons, who inhabit this idyllic neck o' the woods. Just up a short path sat a cabin featuring H and C running water, WC, and a dandy galley. Tough duty! We all had our own tents as we delight in roughing it.

Two sides of the cabin featured wide decks whereon one could lounge, choosing sun or shade as required, while quaffing beverages and lamenting the lack of wind. These lamentations were in earnest, I assure you, as they negated any need to actually engage in physical activity with the boats.

In addition to good conversation, there were a number of day trippers with interesting boats and a gentleman, Herb, who worked a campfire to good effect. His fresh corn on the cob was memorable. Above our heads was the constant squawking of osprey chicks which tended to fade into aural wallpaper. Out behind, sinking into the duff, was, I would guess, a late '20s Dodge engine and chassis which had been rigged to power a large dynamo off the drive shaft and with a saw blade replacing a rear wheel. One seldom sees such ingenuity these days.

After lunch on Sunday the party started to break up. We put the boat afloat and with just a breath of wind pointed west. Idaho, from Challis northward, had been suffering a spate of forest fires and the air was smoky. For much of the weekend a Canadian tanker had been scooping water out of the far side of the lake. As we approached his theater of operations, a police boat informed us that we would have to cross at high speed thinking, no doubt, that we had a motor somewhere. As soon as the plane made its run Steve put his back into it and there was ample room behind us as the guy came zooming back. Spiced up the trip a bit.

At this point our extra western shore mileage was amply repaid as we got an invite to pass the night chez Bob. It still being early, Bob ran us over to see Gordon's shop and boats. Gordon's shop is the sort of place we would all have been to win the Powerball without the wife finding out. With about 30' of headroom we could walk around the deck of a large homebuilt pilothouse power cruiser on a road trailer.

There was all manner of wood and metal working machinery, plus a neat little dinghy project, and not so much as a dust mote in the place. Don't forget that his elegant little lobster boat is on the water. All this is done with the highest degree of craftsmanship, with elegant solutions to problems usually attacked with brute force and money.

Bob has a cozy place in the woods with an old schoolhouse for warehousing and a pack of Mazda rotaries for atmosphere. Chef Simmons laid on an upscale dinner which set off a pleasant evening. Steve deferred to my seniority and let me have the guest bed.

A good breakfast and an early start put us in Challis in time to prepare for supper, with Steve on the pans. I decided I had earned a lay day so next morning we went with Helen, a nurse practitioner, to Stanley where she runs a clinic. To warm up the equipment we both had electrocardiograms to be sure that the strenuous weekend hadn't caused any damage.

With a clean bill of health we headed deeper into the woods to check on la belle Kate, Steve's daughter, a summer wilderness manager manning a fire roadblock. On the way we passed a couple of fire camps complete with tents, trucks, helicopters, and related support. Our tax dollars at work.

We found Kate and two companions camped in a wood on the edge of a large park, with a potty house/wash station. No shower, however. It being lunch time I expected the troops to break out a can of beans or similar, but no. Came a pickup delivering sack lunches. Each looked like a week's supply to me. Lunch just finished, a couple of chiefs drove up and ordered the troops to break camp and retreat. Seems a couple of fires might threaten the outpost. Pretty interesting.

There wasn't much of note on the way home except that I made a point to check out Bear Lake on the Utah border. It's a big one and the shallow northern end has the typical tropical lagoon color. Midway down the western shore is a big, well-developed marina and launch ramp. It looks to be the only place to launch and leave a vehicle.

South of the marina there are several public beaches where you are free to launch over the sand but no overnight parking is permitted. The western shore is generally low lying with a number of sandy beaches but no shelter. The eastern shore appears to be well dissected hills coming right to the water. One would expect numerous little coves. I seem to have the impression from Tom that it is pretty well-developed.

I haven't been to Flathead or the other big lakes in Montana but I assume they are glacial pushouts as in Idaho. They have beautiful clean water and impressive forested mountains but, unlike the impoundments of the southwest or the submerged coasts of the Chesapeake, they lack the snug coves and hidey holes that charm the cruiser. Still, when you factor in the hospitable waypoints and the pleasant folk who hang out at Glengary, it's well worth the trip.



Simmons showing a lot of leg.



Ranger Kate. If there is anything this mag lacks, it's female pulchritude!

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I was recently encouraged to write about beach camping in the Pacific Northwest as it is something with which I have some expedience and it is such a magical thing to do.

I worried that by telling people 1) I might not have the coast to myself any longer (too selfish), 2) I pretended not to have time (too lazy), and 3) I worried that I would encourage people to expose themselves to unwarranted risk (I am not your mother). Having said that, for those who are experienced kayakers or canoeists or who have boat sense, this story may be of some interest.

If you aspire to minimalist ideals (albeit over a mug of wine, in a lounge chair, watching the sunset, on an isolated beach) and eschew the mega-cruising gin palaces, or want to explore the beaches of B.C., then perhaps this is for you.

By using these freighter canoes you are giving new life to an old design and traveling in a way that mimics the way the B.C. coast was seen for a millennia. For me, there is great satisfaction to be had treading on ground that the Natives, and later early European explorers and settlers, did, finding an old Queen Ann cherry tree back in the forest (homesteaders), or a totem on a deep forest floor, or a half-finished dugout canoe. After all, the early travelers beached their boats. The old homestead sites and interesting shores are most often beach accessible. Many beaches have no evidence of any visitations new or old, particularly if exposed and without a fresh water supply. Are you convinced yet?

Twenty (plus) years ago the advent of four children under five years of age seemed to doom our passion for exploring by canoe and kayak. Not to be deterred by the new reality, I started by restoring a second 18' Chestnut canoe, only to realize I was still responsible for propulsion of both of the canoes and the prospect of young energetic paddling was a figment of my imagination. My children, when they were younger, seemed to have the supernatural power to make the cabin of any boat I was in shrink and become progressively smaller and smaller, but there were four of them (so it may not apply to everyone's family). So the idea of confinement onboard, without the nautical authority of Captain Bligh, seemed problematic. I also could not imagine being in a position to afford a big enough commercially

British Columbia Beach Cruising By Freighter Canoe

By Peter Osberg

available boat. Besides a boat that big could then not go to the exposed beaches and small fowl bays I wanted to find.

I had the good fortune of spending a period of time with the Natives in Hudson's Bay and James Bay who used freighter canoes for travel, often well offshore, in any weather. Freight canoes can have a huge capacity, are seaworthy, and can be light enough to get on and off the beach. The prospect of an entire beach for the kids to explore seemed very attractive, as well as satisfying my childhood fascination with beachcombing.

In the pre-internet era, unable to find a supplier, I reproduced a copy of a Hudson's Bay freighter canoe from line drawings. Then, as the kids got older and the pile of "stuff" got bigger (candy and comics), I made a second, and later a third when I thought our loading requirements were lessening. For the last 19 summers we have been exploring the B.C. and Alaskan coasts in these freighter canoes. Even though our kids are now in their 20s they still are coming on the trips (is the wine and beer an inducement?).

To overcome access difficulties of visiting exposed beaches, I needed a boat with a large capacity, a seaworthy boat with the ability to travel a distance with fuel efficiency, and yet a boat light enough that it could be brought above the high tide line at night. Many of the best beaches are not suitable for anchoring from, nor anchoring off, with a clothesline and anchor (although still useful on the inside passages where there is no beach left at high tide). Restricting oneself to anchorages is no longer a factor if you can beach your boat above the high tide line and use the summer berm on which to camp.

Beach time is what the kids want most and the hikes and beach combing still produces the odd Japanese glass ball. Admittedly there is no one to help you if something goes wrong, but self-rescue is possible (a useful skill on occasion), something that is not possible with many boats. When the weather gets really bad you can

still sleep soundly in your tent knowing you are off the water. The most dangerous land predator and the one that can be most meddlesome and annoying has two legs (usually in some form of uniform), the four-legged ones have yet to give us trouble.

On one summer's trip we had 108 marine mammal sightings, they seemed intent on entertaining us. Last summer we crashed a party of 150-200 dolphins and a few gray whales. They danced, jumped, and cavorted around us for an hour then decided to hang out further down the sound. The concept of an easily driven, narrow, beachable craft is basically a low tech, water born, pick-up truck (without the gas bills), whether you call it a panga, freighter canoe or whatever.

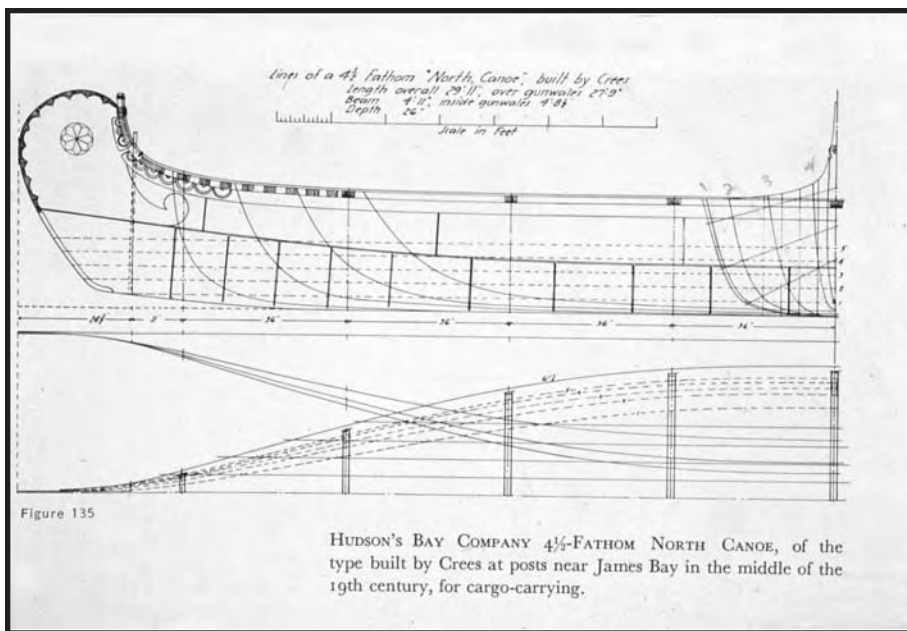
The Canoes

Building the canoe is more a question of determination. When I started there were no books published on how to do it, which made the construction a lot easier, ironically. Books published more recently make it seem so difficult. I used a pattern from the 1800s as inspiration, a 4½ fathom fur trade canoe of the type built by the Crees near James Bay.

In the original, the canoe would carry on its manifests four tons of cargo plus six paddlers and gear. Reading accounts of Galiano, Cook, Bering, and Capt. Vancouver you find the most common size of craft used on the West Coast were 18' to 28' prior to the widespread use of iron tools. This is the type of craft that opened up Canada and carried Mackenzie to the west coast 200 years ago. I felt the design was ideal for the same use again.

The line drawings are all that you need. The line drawings can be used to make stations, then a skeleton form can be made on a strongback, then the ribs bent to the form (with extra movable support between the stations), then the planking attached with clenched copper nails (reaching between the ribs with a clenching iron). I found a supplier for 22' and 24' lengths of clear rough sawn yellow cedar. I milled the wood at a local high school for the first one, steam bent all the ribs with a kettle and a piece of plumbing pipe. In all, a very low tech operation.

I used ¾" ribs and ½" planking with ash gunwales and thwarts and multiple layers of aircraft Dacron for covering. I have tried canvas and various forms of fabric and have settled on what seems to stand up best and is most durable. It is a bastardization of the



"Stits" aircraft fabric protocol for fabric covered home built aircraft. The layers are:

1. A layer of heat shrink aircraft Dacron attached the planking to keep sand and gravel from getting under the fabric.

2. A second vinyl layer of heat shrink Dacron kept from adhering to the first layer by Saran Wrap.

3. Another adherent layer of the Dacron with epoxy as a filler.

4. Another layer or two of fabric on the bottom where abrasion is going to occur.

5. A coating or two of epoxy with graphite in it as filler and as a layer to prevent penetration rocks logs nails, etc.

6. An undercoat and a color coat.

The covering with all its layers may take a week working a couple of hours per day and it does not require curing. The color coat of paint may harden up over a few weeks depending on what is used.

The result is a canoe that weighs 220lbs to 270lbs, 30-40% less than commercial freighter canoes of the same length. The weight, I think, is a crucial factor and attention to construction detail allows significant weight savings. The canoes are 23' ft long, 70" wide, 26" in depth (an important minimum) and 44-46" at the bow. A winter's project. Costwise, it is probably a total cost of \$2,000-\$3,000 in materials plus a motor.

A lashed-on front cover and dodger is necessary when underway and can be made yourself if you have access to a sewing machine. I practiced rolling the canoes in fresh water for my own reassurance, which was later useful when "Mister Rogue Wave" came for a surprise visit one summer. The canoes and their covering have been thoroughly stress tested over the years, although most of the testing was of the unplanned variety. I can tell you that a fiberglass or aluminum construction has not survived similar inadvertent stress tests I have been party to.

In the years when we were traveling with just one canoe we towed a small Zodiac and had a spare motor, although currently we are traveling with two canoes and two motors. So transport involves one on a trailer and one on top of a Suburban. The ability to car top these big canoes adds dimension to where you can go. Although it gets some odd looks, I have not been stopped in Canada, the U.S., or Mexico (yet). For power we currently use a 4-stroke 20hp Honda that gives us 60+ nautical miles per 5gal tank. The motor weighs 108lbs which is near my upper limit to manhandle. Using a "Dolphin" or "Whale Tail" on the anti-cavitation plate is worthwhile.

The Beaches

We have always found sand beaches, whether where a small stream has deposited some sand and gravel or where there is enough fetch for surf to have created a beach. It is more predictable to find some nice beaches as you explore the more exposed areas, such as Cape Caution. Winter storm patterns are different from the summer weather patterns which is partly why the beaches are so suitable for exploring.

Landing may require some care but is normally not impeded by too much surf somewhere along the beach. Looking for a headland or island to land behind helps. If there is a northwesterly swell then look for beaches or a landing spot which faces southwest. Getting off a beach when there is surf running can be more of a challenge.

A steep beach is a warning sign, it means the beach was made by large waves and collapsing surf. We use low pressure "Roleez" beach wheels (3lbs pressure) to get the canoes up from the water's edge and back down to the water. Launching is the same in reverse, made easiest if you load up the canoes bow out and let the rising tide float them off. The tides can be expected to be compliant for at least half of a 12-day trip (as the tide changes advance about an hour a day)!

On some islands like Banks Island and Aristazabal Island the coast is quite rugged and beaches hard to find, but if another 20 miles of travel is not an issue, then the spacing of the beaches is not a problem. Arriving at a beach at high tide leaves you wondering what you may be facing at low tide. Although the water is usually very clear on the Central Coast, the tidal range increases as you go north into Alaska. The winter storms leave a berm for the summer that is above the summer high tide line and perfect for camping. Some years we are swimming consistently and some years only the most hardy are swimming (that means not me). There are also hot springs up and down the coast that usually are worth the visit as well as fresh water lakes close to the ocean.

Distances

The ability to make 14 knots makes the spacing of beautiful beaches less of an issue. This ends up maximizing beach time for all and minimizing the time underway. Being out on the open ocean sings to my genetic soul, however, the tune does not always have the same resonance for everyone! If there are dark squall lines on the horizon, then a run to a hidey hole is feasible. One useful adjunct to traveling with four kids was the supply of used comic books that were purchased from the local used book store and not expected to survive any given trip (kept hidden until the first crossing) and a large pack full of junk food and candies of all varieties.

The Learning Curve

I recommend starting with an easy trip. I also recommend starting trips in the morning instead of afternoon. Having a dog along whose lapses of affection are less obvious is a great idea when traveling as a domestic unit. The sea kindness of the canoe does really help. The most important thing is understanding the tides and what the tidal streams might be doing (that is, of course, after understanding what your wife wants). Near Prince Rupert the tidal range may be 15' over an eight hour period which means a lot of water

movement coming out of inlets and potentially colliding with the incoming swells. If there is a rough patch, sometimes just waiting for slack water is all that is necessary.

Local knowledge is important in some areas such as Nawahitti Bar, which is safe to cross only up to an hour before and after slack water. Hazardous areas are usually well-marked on the charts although local knowledge about the timing of slack water passages is worth asking about. Weather forecasting from Port Hardy to Prince Rupert is normally unhelpful and sometimes dangerous in its omissions. In general traveling in the morning is a wise plan, allowing the afternoon to hike, explore, and in general mess about.

If there is wind in the treetops first thing in the morning, put that crossing off until the next day no matter what the weather report.

You can start wherever the road ends.

Suggested Reading

Adney E.T. and Chapelle H.I., *The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America*, 1983, Smithsonian Institution Press.

Thompson R.E., *Oceanography of the British Columbia Coast*, 1984, Department of Fisheries and Oceans.

Sailing Directions British Columbia Coast, Dept. Fisheries and Oceans Canada.



Sunday, 9/10/06

Cockrell Point, Great Wicomico River, Virginia. Got away about 2:30pm. Wind N about 15kts. Didn't want to raise sail in the 3' waves. Just getting the mast up in such large waves is a problem. By the end of the week I was more facile. Destination was Gwynn's Island, though that was a long way for such a late start. So I rowed into Dividing Creek and tied up at a friend's dock. Put up the tent in a rush because it started to rain. Went up well and quickly, given I'd never put it up before. Rain quit right away!

Walked into Kilmarnock because I didn't have enough groceries, no bread. Got to Food Lion by dusk, longer walk than I'd figured. Got Cheerios, dry milk, two loaves of bread, red bananas, fish steaks, etc. Looong walk back in dark.

Popped one of those little tab LED lights and read some before sleep. Those are nice lights (Brinkman GO-LED's, two lights for \$2.99 at Target).

Monday, 9/11/06

Wind still very strong, NE. Practice putting up mast before leaving. Planned to row against it out to the sandbar on the N shore of Dividing Creek entrance, set reefed sail, and attempted to fetch Windmill Point. As I neared the sandbar it appeared I could not clear the shallows south of channel under sail, so just kept rowing. Out in deep water still felt uncomfortable about putting up mast in such waves, so gave up Windmill Point and rowed down into Little Bay.

Scouted a nice anchorage in NE corner of bay. Went to nearby campground where they let me use showers and bathroom free. Store was closed due to damage from

87sf lugsail and high aspect daggerboard allow respite from the oars when conditions are right. Daggerboard iverts to form peak for tent.



A Week on Chesapeake Bay

By John Fairfield

Hurricane Ernesto (friend in Dividing Creek told of sustained 70mph winds from NE with storm surge nearly as high as they experienced in Hurricane Isabel). Explored Antipoin Creek, tempted by thought of a marina restaurant which I never found.

A bunch of sailboats were anchored in the mouth of the creek, some rafted. I was invited to join the party but wanted to find a quiet place and set up tent before dark. Anchored in a tiny cove away from direct sight of most houses, the creek being pretty built up in older, big homes. Read with aid of little tab light.

Tuesday, 9/12/06

Started up the creek toward White Stone looking for a place to stretch legs and get a cup of coffee and some eggs. Put ashore alongside a big trawler rig, walked a bit, finding a derelict campground where the owner was cleaning up damage from Hurricane Ernesto. Got a hint of conditions outside on the bay when he told that his friend, with \$35K in gill nets set out there, couldn't get to them today because of big seas.

Practiced putting up mast because I was going to have to do it adrift on a lee shore. Pre-reefed the lugsail. While rowing back past the anchored cruisers, was invited aboard Stuart Hopkins' *Muskrat*. Took us a minute to recognize each other, he made the gig's lugsail a few years ago. The *Muskrat* is wonderful, a 22' fiberglass catboat converted to yawl for comfortable cruising. Has a snug doghouse, cosy wood stove, removable Lexan windows. Companionway much enlarged from original, cabin to doghouse to cockpit is a continuous affair that gives the feel of a lot more room. Gives me an idea to make a boat that is essentially a wee house so I can take my wife Kate for risk-avoiding trips and comfortable lay days in harbor.

Wind supposed to drop from 20kts down to 10-12kts

by afternoon so I tarried with Stuart, drank a beer, and enjoyed a gam. Rowed out of creek at about 11am, set sail, let out reef, moved slowly down towards Windmill Point. Wind died. Dropped sail and rowed from north of Windmill Point across wide mouth of the Rappahannock and into the Piankatank, where wind came up enough to let me sail up the channel and under the Milford Haven bridge. Rowed backwards in the dark, feeling my way into a little creek to port, very quiet water, for a good sleep.

Wednesday, 9/13/06

With a fair wind forecast (SE'ly 10-15kts) decided to try for Onancock, 30 miles across the bay. Set sail after rowing back to mouth of Piankatank. Crossed the shipping channel, reefed when wind got up to about 15kts. Arrived at the Onancock entrance channel at 3:30pm, found couldn't point up for the long haul upriver to town. Reckoned could fetch Saxis, at the mouth of the Pocomoke River, 10 miles northeast, a reach in the SE wind.

Found Saxis to look like Tangier from the water, with a fine town harbor, all kinds of crabbing sheds and processing plants, a fishing pier, and a snack shack open from 4:30am to 2:00pm. No tourist trade at all. Light rain. Met Chinese family fishing off the pier. Set up tent and moved out into a wide, shallow bay to avoid mosquitoes. Slept snug in heavy rain.

Thursday 9/14/06

Raining in the morning but I'm in heaven in the Snack Shack. Three eggs over easy, fried tomatoes, 12-grain toast, coffee and sugar. Men with strong "Eastern Shore" accents move in and out all morning while I'm writing up this log. Jocular talk is of crabs, blood pressure, and boats. Older lady comes in and joins the man on whose studied ties (a common style here) I was eavesdropping. Later she offers to show me the town. We drive around in light rain and I see her daughter's place, the Methodist Church where she and her daughters got married. Then at her place shows me her doll collection! Dolls in the living room, bedroom, guest bedroom, and another room lined floor to ceiling with hundreds more dolls. Some bought, some she's made in porcelain, painted, and dressed. Shows me the first doll she

The 21.5' gig Kate, designed by Bill Platt and built by Andy Wolfe. Gear stowed includes sailing rig, stores, water, tent. Removable thwarts create space to sleep on floorboards.



ever got (age 12) and a sewing room with three different sewing machines. She makes me a gift of a cushion and a crocheted scarf for Kate.

While I'm rowing out of Saxis the store owner comes out and waves me goodbye. I'm good at striking up quick acquaintances because I sense people's self-image and offer validation for it. Not necessarily a good trait but it works great for the first day.

Light rain on and off all the way to Chrisfield using a channel through the marshes. Lots of birds, ospreys, eagles, egrets, and three kinds of herons. Pull into huge marina at Chrisfield to inquire if a B&B available. No, but there's a motel (with docks) across the harbor. So I check in there, spread out sleeping bag and other gear to dry in room 201, then row back across harbor for temporary tie-up at marina while I shop local hardware store for a brass nut to fit bolt on forestay cleat. Turns out to be wrong size but exchange it next morning, 12¢. Eat at The Cove, a comfortable place, not glitzy. Wonderful crab cakes, the best ever, in garlic butter. Get groceries, then to motel. Read. Sleep.

Friday, 9/15/06

Check out stoking up on motel Cheerios, bagels, and coffee. Row through uncharted "back creek" against wind to a cove that opens into Tangier Sound. Have to pull the

gig over a sandbar to get into the cove. Beach her to put reef in sail, raise mast, and row out until I can sail, using oar for rudder until the water deepens. Wind is NNW at 15kts, can just lay 240 degrees and fetch the entrance marker to Smith Island's Grand Thoroughfare where I nearly get swamped by wake from passing ferry. Teach me not to get out of channel into real shallows where wakes surf up. Have to pull hard, and choose the back way into town of Ewell to avoid waves.

4:00pm. Put gig tent under a store awning ashore to dry. Tried to look up acquaintances on island where we held a family reunion six years ago, but struck out so rowed blissfully south to Smith's other town, Tylerton, realizing as I arrived that I had left my tent up at Ewell! After a hurried crab cake at the Tylerton store, they're quarter pounders and just as good as I had remembered, rowed back to Ewell against all that wind at sundown. Retrieved the tent, tried two places in quiet water but got driven off by mosquitoes. Ended up finding a very windy spot with no bugs in mouth of a creek. Boat gurgles back and forth all night. I slowly adapt to life on a flag, flogging.

Saturday, 9/16/06 and Home

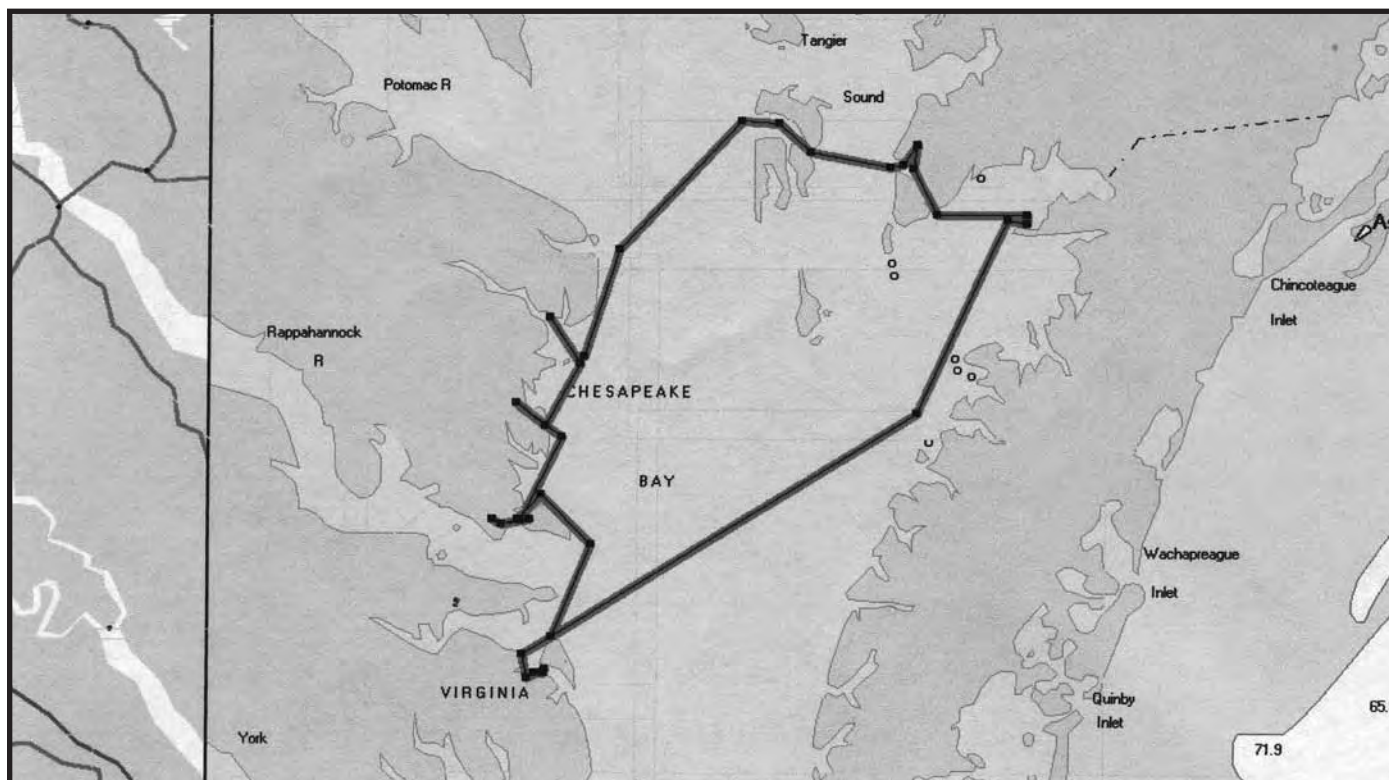
Morning forecast includes 15kt N'ly wind with scattered thunderstorms in the afternoon. Row out Rogues Point exit from

the marshes at 9am and once clear of shallows raise mast, unfurl sail, and head west across the Bay toward Smith Point Light ten miles away at the mouth of the Potomac. I find the usual confused seas as I near the Potomac River/Chesapeake Bay conjunction, some heaping up into monsters. Gig ships water a few times. Cross paths with a tug and barge going same speed. I'm surfing on the seas now and notice bow level with the water sometimes as it's driven into back of a wave.

I'd have crossed a minute ahead of the tug but that's too little cushion to handle untoward events. So I have to hold her head into the wind and wait until the tow is passed. I call him a bastard just to myself, he's a half mile off. Then I keep pace with him around Smith Point Light. Seas straighten out and I surf south along the shore toward mouth of my home river, the Great Wicomico, where I arrive at 12:30! (Average about 5kts from Smith Island).

Rendezvous with family, contacted by cell phone. We dine out at Reedville's Crazy Crab Restaurant. Row back home alone afterward, potter about stripping gig of camping gear. Son Peter has lit a fire in the fireplace. Feels good.

A week's cruise, about 125 nautical miles.



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From Pier 60, at the foot of West 19th Street, the Hudson looks calm, almost stately. A scrim of high thin cloud screens the sun, promising comfortable kayaking. In ideal conditions a circumnavigation of Manhattan is challenging. It is more than 28 miles. Looking at a map you might think no problem, it's an island, three rivers, a very large harbor, you go down one and up the other. While little in New York is quite what it seems, this is particularly true regarding its rivers. Even the Hudson, the only real river in New York, here is an estuary, its movements commanded by the sea. The Harlem and the East Rivers are channels ruled by the Atlantic, each dutifully carrying its water.

When the last glacier finished carving, grinding, scouring, and pushing the land about, the Hudson River created New York Harbor, the remnant of its once immense outlet to the sea. The broad estuary, ebbing and flowing two times each day to the command of the lunar tide, back and forth between granite cliffs at West Point to the devastated marshland still fringing the Statue of Liberty, is the mature successor of a mighty river that for centuries spilled the melting waters of the receding glacier into the Atlantic. Traces of that river's mouth are discernible still on the ocean floor more than a hundred miles at sea. That great outflow of water completed the work of the glacier, separating Manhattan, Randall's, and Staten Islands from North America.

When the Hudson's flow is swelled by melting snow in the spring, it confines the incoming sea to the lower part of the estuary. At other times the sea surges to Westchester and beyond. As the tide turns, some of that brackish water flows south down the Harlem River, which separates Manhattan from the Bronx, and then back to the Atlantic east through Hell Gate and Long Island Sound and south through the harbor to the Verrazano Narrows. Undoubtedly the Harlem River still collects some water from the Bronx in addition to sewage and drain runoff, as does the East River from Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens, but their source, too, is the tidal flow from the bays and sounds extending east and west of New York.

The ebbing and flooding ocean moving through New York from three directions, east, north, and south, creates a complexity that sometimes aids, sometimes impedes, and sometimes makes passage by sail or paddle simply not possible. Although elaborate, these movements are not unfathomable. Their precision would be the envy of every schedule maker but for the fact that they were not drawn up with the convenience of man in mind. Even under diesel power and steam, disregarding the current and tides is hazardous.

When New York's trade and traffic moved by sail and oar, particularly before Hell Gate was tamed with vast quantities of dynamite, exact knowledge of the tides and their interaction was a matter of life and death. Their operation was unraveled more than a century ago by Captain Eldridge, whose exacting observations over many years resulted in the calculation of ebb and flood for each point of interest to mariners from the Bay of Fundy to Barnagat Light in New Jersey. With adjustment for the slowly rising level of the sea, Eldridge's *Pilot* remains the essential guide for anyone venturing on these waters.

Around Town

By Jonathan Rubinstein

Swabbed in sunblock, spray skirts hanging about our knees, wearing clothes as different one from the other as are the boats rocking quietly at our feet, we are six setting out. Quiet, we are staring into the Hudson, anxious to get underway. Our leader, Eric Stiller, has called us for 8.30, now well past, but he cheerfully says when paddling Manhattan, you always leave plenty of margin. "We are good to go up to 10am," he offers without explanation. But I know that Eric, an experienced paddler who has made this trip many times, has consulted his Eldridge's *Pilot*.

Ten years ago I first thought of making this trip before I had ever been in a kayak. Since learning to kayak I knew I could and would do it. Walking along the Hudson I keep an eye out for places to launch a folding kayak (it is possible to backpack one). Now, finally, I am going to do it. I have not paddled regularly in more than three years. In July I had two excellent days of paddling about the islands of Casco Bay in Maine that revealed undiminished enthusiasm, then a shakedown paddle with Eric several days earlier. A second, longer run was cancelled when a powerful thunderstorm kept us on the dock, well away from the towering steel mesh cage of the golf driving range on Pier 59, a very large lightning rod. Disappointed, I asked Eric if he thought I could "do Manhattan." He did.

Time to go. Before putting it in the water, I climb into the 15' 50lb Klepper, a folding marvel of varnished pine and fir with aluminum fittings and a rubberized skin, and adjust the rudder pedals which are operated by foot pressure. Sitting for hours with extended legs pressing their feet (gently) against the pedals for traction, thighs against either side of the boat which has a 21" beam at the waterline, it is important to get the setting right. You can make some adjustment on the water but being out of practice, anxiety about tipping will limit me.

Zippering my Mae West, now sadly called a Personal Flotation Device, I push off the dock to do a few warm-up laps in the quiet waters of the berth. Three other paddlers join me, Moira, paddling a yellow, plastic, 17' kayak, to make her "climax paddle" of a summer's training with Eric, David, young and strong, a trainer at the gym which is part of the Chelsea Piers Sports Complex, also in a one-piece rotomolded plastic boat, and Vera, paddling a sleek, fire engine red 19' foot Kevlar racing kayak that she has just bought.

Rocking gently in the mouth of the 19th Street pier, paddles lying across cockpits, watching the river's deep swells moving in procession toward the sea, we feel the broad estuary beckoning and see a sliver of the Colgate Clock and the Statue of Liberty is visible. Finally Eric and his paddling partner, Josie, emerge in a 17' double Klepper, moving smoothly, easily. He greets us, says we are in plenty of time. It is about 9:30am, the cloud cover is thinner now, the wind from the southwest has picked up but it is not strong. He tells us to go at our own pace, to keep an eye on one another, and remember, as his paddle bites the water, "only 24,000 strokes to go."

In my view, if Jesus had a kayak, he would not have bothered to walk on the Sea

of Galilee. The first time I sat in a kayak and dipped the paddle I felt a quickening, an excitement that repeats itself each time. In most kayaks you sit with legs extended, well below the water line, kept more or less dry by the spray skirt that fits snugly (sometimes) around the coaming of the cockpit. In a kayak you are somewhere between on and in the water. You can spend a lot of time in the water, too, either deliberately or not, because kayaks are tippy and quite responsive.

A paddler's involvement with the water is intimate because while you can vary speed, mostly you are going at a strolling pace. Being half submerged while remaining upright, you are as close to the viewing point of a sea mammal as is possible without joining it. Sitting just above the horizon line limits the distance you can see, but what you do see is experienced in an intense, involved, and personal way. Influenced by each movement of the water and wind, the horizon in perpetual motion, constantly reminded that I am forever a guest, each time I embark I am reminded that it is a privilege to be a part of creation.

The steady southwest breeze does not disturb the water flowing downriver, maybe one knot in our favor. It is easy paddling in these swells, my boat tracking effortlessly in the headwind. Ten years wanting to see this, I head for the middle of the estuary and a big view of Manhattan. I am not disappointed. Almost immediately we string out, each finding a comfortable rhythm. This is pleasure paddling. Except for a few tugs pushing oil bunkers, a Circle Liner, and a lone jet ski whining past, there is only swelling water streaming towards the Atlantic, bounded by New Jersey's retreating shore.

Remembering how filthy these waters looked in the early '80s when occasionally I rode over them in a friend's power launch, I see immediately the positive impact that the treatment facility located upstream is exerting. The Pulaski Skyway in New Jersey is barely visible through the permanent haze of the oil refineries that fuel the 25 million people held at bay by this great and grand watery margin.

Deliberately I have no watch with me. I am just paddling, one stroke at a time, I remind myself. We move easily toward the Battery, past the now mostly empty Village piers, silent, doing penance, I think, for those who contracted AIDS on them in the '70s, toward the graceful Embankment ringing Battery Park City where a paddler can see strolling families and speeding bladders from five continents. Silently I thank all the people who worked so hard to prevent Westway from happening. They made it possible for New Yorkers to have a share in this water and shoreline. As we approach the Fire Boat Station a police launch passes, Eric calls out "Paddle Police" and motions us to follow him toward the shoreline where a dozen people have fishing lines in the water.

At the mouth of a concrete inlet Eric urges everyone to take a look inside. He wants us to view the dramatic frieze, a memorial to the merchant seamen who risked their lives in aid of the defeat of the Axis powers in WWII. It is conceived as an active memorial, the sculpture, drowning seamen, one with his arm raised in a last effort to reach the approaching rescue boat, is positioned to interact with the changing tide, perpetually repeating the dramatic events that it commemorates. Beyond it, squat and glum, is New York's Holocaust Memorial.

We are all happy paddlers. From here, the Battery is only a few hundred yards to the southeast. Everything is big, very big, but New York's vast harbor puts it all in pleasing perspective, the Statue of Liberty, the World Trade Center merging into the even more massive World Financial Center adjacent to the still larger city in Battery Park, and across the river the huge, ugly Colgate Clock. The Battery is jammed with people waiting patiently to go to Ellis Island and the Statue. Boats constantly arrive and depart, their wakes seeming to curtsy to my bow.

Coming down the river I have seen several Staten Island ferries making the passage back and forth. How many dozens of times have I feasted on this waterscape from the Brooklyn Heights Promenade? Making the broad turn into the harbor, familiarity intensifies the wonder I feel always seeing this great creation. Paddling across the Battery, framed by the beautiful ironwork of the Ferry Terminal, New York harbor's panoramic grandeur unfolds.

Directly ahead are Brooklyn's defunct sugar piers (where America's heroin was unloaded in the 1950s), now a container facility, its massive blue cranes looking like they are exhibits on loan from the Dinosaur Hall of the Museum of Natural History. Only a part of Brooklyn's reviving waterfront is visible from here. In the distance the graceful bridge spanning the Narrows created by Brooklyn's Gravesend, the West End of Long Island, pressing close to Staten Island. Together these form the Outer Harbor, one of the largest roadsteads in the world.

As we pass the ferry slips, the skyscrapers loom so close to the water's edge it seems they are about to jump us. I think with satisfaction that, despite the vast engineering projects orchestrated by Robert Moses, Manhattan remains an island. Like Hong Kong, a great island port at the edge of a vast continent. What a fortunate man Henry Hudson was to have seen this in its natural state. What a fortunate man am I to be paddling across these now surging waters as the rising tide of the Atlantic Ocean mixes with the Atlantic's waters from Long Island Sound.

Somewhere between the last ferry slip and the great opening of the East (not a) River the water changes. Blocked by Manhattan, the prevailing southwest wind no longer roils the surface. Instead the waters merging from east and west create long wide swirls, large patches are smooth, sinuous. Now it looks and feels like ocean, grey-green Atlantic water. It is saltier. One of kayaking's many joys is to rest your paddle across the boat and dip your hands into the cool sea, one at a time. The instant I feel this water I know it is the Atlantic Ocean. It is cleaner than the Hudson, proven several minutes later when I see seaweed floating past. Hardly believing my eyes, I spear it with my paddle, bring it aboard, and squeeze the greenish brown pods. They actually squeak. Its alive! Spotting me spearing the weed, Eric calls across the water to take it along as "proof to the unbelievers."

Paddling north easily on the long swells of incoming tide, the shoreline shorn now of all evidence of the original port, it is still easy for us to see why this was already a great port two centuries ago, poised to eclipse Boston and Philadelphia. Sheltered from the open sea, a broad expanse of deep water in front, from here a straight, clean run to open ocean. The water is so wide that

even the massive piers of its three bridges have no effect on the current.

The long reverse curve in the river makes it possible mostly to ignore the constantly changing Manhattan shoreline, towers of finance, the bedraggled South Street Seaport, that caricature of what once was, Chinatown's lowrise merging into the lower East Side, my first sightings of capitalism's dormitories, followed closely by their much improved successor, Stuyvesant Town. Easier and happier to follow the water's course, the bow riding on swelling crests, to view the remains of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, dead almost a half century now. There naval warfare was changed forever. A thousand years from now or two or three thousand, the *Monitor*, iron clad and steam driven, will be remembered still or rediscovered. On both banks stand the thankfully stifled chimneys of Con Edison plants that helped power New York for much of this century.

At 23d Street the oceanic idyll ends abruptly. Much of Manhattan's shoreline to this point is drowned marshland recovered by Dutch and English settlers whose ancestors were draining the Fens and the Zuiderzee at the last millenium. From here the river runs straight to Randall's Island, divided by the sliver called Roosevelt Island that stretches from 48th Street to 86th. At 23d the grim brick pile of Bellevue Hospital gives an emphatic reminder that you are paddling in the city. Its density now inescapable, skyscrapers towering ahead, the Chrysler Building, clearly the pick of the litter, has been in my eye on and off since 14th Street. No longer overwhelmed by its watery margin, Manhattan asserts itself, like the town it surrounds, the water has neighborhoods, too.

Urban noises of the familiar kinds are constant companions now, sirens, fire engines, and police, angry horns, the sussurus of rubber on the road punctuated by anxious squealing. Does passing over water change the harmonic? It could be a soundtrack laid down on my movie. Yacht traffic has picked up, squat, diesel-powered plastic condos roll past in both directions, a pod of jet skis growl and spit.

As if affronted by all of this, the river acts up, too. Waves and surface current appear, eddies and rills moving in different directions bounce off each other, spraying water on the boat and, happily, me. A pleasant reminder that kayaking is a wet sport. Approaching Roosevelt Island the compressed river quickens. The waters from the Harlem (not a) River and Hell Gate, neither yet visible, are announcing their presence. The river is still flowing north and Eric indicates that we should take the wider Manhattan side of Roosevelt Island.

Later he tells us that along this stretch the water can move as fast as seven knots, faster than anyone can paddle. Under the powerful influence of Hell Gate it changes direction abruptly several times daily. Using the wider and therefore slower channel is preferred, in the event it shifts while you are making the passage. Approaching the island the turbulence strengthens considerably, eddies changing direction unpredictably. As the bow slaps the cascading water I am pleased to make this first acquaintance on a placid Sunday in August. I feel my thighs pressing harder to assure the stability of the kayak.

Vera, paddling close to Roosevelt Island, is several hundred yards ahead of me. Suddenly her boat turns over and I know she

has gone into the water. Paddling toward her I see the boat is upright and a hand has hold of the cockpit coaming. David is nearby, talking to her. I know she is in control, seeing her work her way toward the stern, because it is from there that she may readily board her free-floating kayak using a maneuver called a wet entry, what else?

When she straddles the boat and begins working her way forward, I turn my bow upstream. As I pass her she is already pumping. Passing me on his way to Vera, Eric says to stay close to the island, avoid the large wakes being made in the narrow waters by the cabin cruisers. Despite its massive apartment blocks and abandoned hospitals, Roosevelt Island has a suburban look. The waterside promenade is filled with strollers, bikers and walkers, kids playing basketball.

Clearing the island, the view ahead is dominated by the Triboro Bridge whose squat piers and ungainly spans disfigure and obscure Randall's Island. The short run north of Roosevelt to Mill Rock is filled with disordered currents, tide races, rills, and even small whitecaps moving in all directions, Hell Gate's calling cards. Josie and Eric push ahead, leading the way to the north side of this hunk of granite revealing a cove whose stony entrance is covered with seaweed to the high water mark. We have arrived at our first scheduled stop, two hours into our paddle.

While we are seated uncomfortably on pieces of broken concrete strewn about the inlet, enjoying lunch and each other's company, Eric pulls out his tattered copy of Eldredge's *Pilot* to explain the timing of our departure. When planning a trip around Manhattan, he tells us, you look for dead low tide. Then the south flowing current of the Hudson River is strongest, almost 3kts in your favor. If you leave at dead low, 7am on August 10, you will arrive at the Battery quickly. This is excellent if you are paddling toward the Verrazano because the East River, too, is then flowing south at almost 3kts. But if you are planning to go north in the East River, as we have, it is best to wait for this tide to ebb. Between two and three hours after dead low, when we left 19th Street, the Hudson was still flowing 1kt in our favor while the East River had reversed direction as the rising tide pushing through the Narrows took control. Those 2kts in our favor made paddling easy.

If we had left earlier, Eric says grinning, and managed to arrive at this point sooner, about a third of the way around Manhattan, we would still be here to greet others who left long after we did. Yoked to the Hudson, the Harlem River accompanies it in all its movements south and north. We are approaching noon, five hours since the Hudson was at dead low. Its flow north is quickening now, Eric comments, and as it does it draws the Harlem's water north to it with increasing speed. Even an hour earlier we would not have been able to make any headway on the Harlem.

On reflection, I think a mite casually, he observes that the Harlem has a permanent south-flowing current. At its best, when we are going to get into it, it is still flowing about 1kt against us. Several hours from now my appreciation for the power of 1kt will be enriched. Setting out, I knew not where exactly, there would come a point where turning about and going back would be more difficult than continuing. Now I know, it is here.

Munching each others' offerings, this is a happy group, sharing fruit salad, delicious iced coffee, figs, chicken, and tongue (Vera is from the Ukraine). Listening to Eric I begin to understand the waters I am looking at. Mill Rock sits in Hell Gate. Said to have once been a pirate roost, now it seems to be, if scattered detritus is evidence, a venue of uncomfortable coupling. Hell Gate is the junction where the East and Harlem rivers meet, a box of water bounded by Roosevelt Island, Randall's Island, and Manhattan. How many unfortunate mariners, I idly wonder, have lost control in these surging waters and slammed into this rock, breaking up, drowning? What will it be like paddling this water when the wind is up?

Hell Gate is a very large tidal pool, the place where the Atlantic waters from the both shores of Long Island meet and mix with the waters of the Hudson delivered by the Harlem. Here, for the past 9,000 or 10,000 years, these waters continuously wrestle one another, never tiring of the exercise, well-matched, first one gaining the advantage, then faltering, only to regain strength. While its truculent granite ledges have been reduced, making passage possible even for novices, these waters whose powerful surges are spawned miles from here, will always have a surprise for the unwary and a test for the flippant.

I am anxious to be going because after a half hour the smell of the harbor muck has finally gotten into my nose. The repugnant filth we squelched when beaching and disturbed again as we prepare to get underway convinces me that eating anything taken from these waters is probably only slightly less dangerous than looking at your wriggling green feet bones in those radiation machines featured in shoe stores in the early 1950s.

Paddling north from Mill Rock at 96th Street, the waters form a long S-curve terminating at 125th Street where the tangle of the Triboro has obliterated much of Randall's. This long curve is created by the mass of Randall's Island jutting south fortress-like to create the northern wall of Hell Gate. As I paddle past, over my shoulder I see a huge scow, brimming garbage, being tugged from Queens to the land fill in Staten Island.

Rested, happy, diverted by the cheerful taunts of a half dozen Latino fishermen hanging over the tree-draped iron railing of Randall's Island, I pay no attention to the drag the paddle is communicating to my shoulders. Whether a river or a channel, the Harlem is eight miles of water constricted by two masses of granite wrenched apart by forces too great for humans to witness and report.

Obscured either by the Triboro or the first turning of the eye inward in response to the heavy feel of the paddle, I do not see the Kill that separates Randall's from the Bronx. Eric has warned us that the many bridges over the Harlem further constrict the current. Stay out of the middle where it is strongest, he urges. I hug Manhattan except where it widens. Several times the stony stares and body language of some teenagers signal me to move off. Street knowledge in the river. After passing the Triboro, 125th Street, it feels like paddling uphill. It turns out that it is.

The Manhattan shoreline is ravaged with blasted public housing and abandoned industrial sites, the wounds of bewildered capitalism. Both banks look like one Superfund site. Every few hundred yards, in the midst of rubbish heaps, piles of creosote-

soaked railroad ties that leach arsenic, and car dumps, someone has set up a fishing spot. A woman sitting in a beach chair under an umbrella waves cheerfully to me as her potbellied husband makes a beautiful, practiced cast. Kids play rap and salsa while their fathers and brothers search for something to grill. These are the only distractions I have from the growing awareness that this is becoming work.

By the third or fourth bridge I have lost count, around 138th Street I am far behind the others. It does not bother me, I like paddling alone and I cannot go much faster without jeopardizing my strength. I see David (later he tells me he played varsity football at Tennessee State) paddling toward me. I am touched by his consideration, it gives me a lift even when I detect embarrassment as he searches for something to talk about, to distract me from paddling.

Asking what kind of cigars I smoke, he makes me aware that I have a stump clenched in my teeth. Laughing, I throw it in the water, and tell him, "cheap." After staying with me about 15 minutes he paddles off, evidently convinced that I am all right. I take note of the swiftness of his departure and tell myself that I must get with Eric and work on my technique. I am happy, have no fear of the water, and dismiss doubt that I am holding them up. I know Eric would say something to me if I was.

I do not doubt that I am going to make it but I know that I am in trouble. My left hand is in spasm, its second finger does not grip the paddle. My left leg from knee to hip is numbing. My feet are on fire, caused by pressing too hard to create power in my stroke. All of this is bad technique, increasing fatigue. The only danger I foresee is that pain and weariness may make me careless, not pay attention to the sometimes large backwash of wakes rebounding off the retaining wall. There are a lot of cruisers passing now. It seems they are going much faster. Is it because I am struggling or is it later in the day and their drivers have had many more beers? Is this sour grapes? Possibly it is and I remind myself about self-pity.

I decide to rest. I think about going over the side for a good soak but I realize that will bring Eric and everyone else. Carefully controlling the paddle with my right hand, I ease first my right leg out of the cockpit, then the left. Wiggling my toes is excruciating but finally gives relief. Just a few minutes, then carefully I return my feet to the paddling position. Only then do I let my hands, first the left then the right, have a good soak. I feel better but not for long.

The narrow water, I stopped counting the bridges at nine, shows no sign of tiring. Both shorelines mirror my mood, grim. Suddenly, around a bend Yankee Stadium looms on the right, bringing my first smile since pitching the cigar butt. But it is enough. I do not remember how much longer I paddle after the Stadium before I arrive at a broad stretch of water where a large sign in red and blue is painted on the Manhattan retaining wall, "START". Start?

We have paddled more than 15 miles, I think. The sign must mark the beginning of the Columbia College crew racing course. We are going to take our second rest stop at the Columbia Boat House. It cannot be too far ahead. This passage is marked on the granite wall in 500 meter intervals, each one a measure of how much the Harlem is

extracting from me. At 2000 it says "FINISH" but there is no sign of either the Boat House or the great pool, Sputyn Dyvel, where the Harlem and the Hudson meet.

I am relieved to see my companions bobbing in their boats at a marina. Even at a distance I know this dismal place cannot be Columbia. Vera is out of her boat, lying on the dock, David talking to her. (Later she tells me that paddling her new boat aggravated a leg injury to the point where the pain made it impossible to continue.) I eagerly pull into the aptly named Distressed Duck. Slowly withdrawing my legs from the cockpit, I stretch them on the kayak's deck. My paddle balanced athwart, I let my aching hands soak.

Paddling by, pointing, fresh as he was at lunch, Eric laughs and says to Moira, "there is a perfect picture opportunity." A lawyer, Moira is documenting our trip. Behind me apparently is the Distressed Duck Marina sign, with a bedraggled duck standing next to it, framed by my webbed feet sticking into the air. I have no doubt that my look must be giving this duck a run for its money. I smile bleakly for her camera, doff my hat for a second shot. Eric is checking on Vera to see if she can continue in her boat, must he switch her off with David or tow her home? She says she is all right and as she paddles past she thanks each of us for waiting for her. I tell her with sincerity, it is my pleasure. These minutes of recovery allow me to appreciate the real rest coming in another mile. It was all that I needed to dig into the great sweeping turn as the river heads west, the Henry Hudson bridge finally in sight, in my anxiety to rest, I have misidentified it twice.

First another stretch of oppressive industrial squalor, then the Harlem broadens. Van Cortland Park is dripping trees over the water, a nourishment for resolve. The Manhattan bank curves left, making a wide inlet, a piece of the Devil's Pool. Yes, the Boat House is there! The quiet pools of Hudson water are ringed by parklands filled with New York's newest immigrants, Dominicans, Salvadorans, Mexicans, grilling, playing soccer, courting, fishing. I glide to the floating docks, noting with satisfaction that these are made to accommodate racing shells. They are almost at water level. I do not have to climb. Happily I take in the scene, regretting only that the beautiful Latinas are just a mite too far for these weakened eyes to see.

I push up from the cockpit and flop on the deck, my feet still inside, controlling the boat. I rest another minute or two. My left leg is still numb but the pain in my feet is subsiding. My left forearm is numb, too, and I consider asking Eric if I can tape its fingers to the paddle. I decide this sounds desperate and work at getting them to move. When several do, including the thumb, I haul the kayak onto the dock. Slowly circulation returns to my toes and left leg as I limp toward the grass. Hundreds of Canada geese have taken up residence here, killing any hope of lying in the lush grass. They barely move as I hump past.

The boathouse is open. Inside it looks like a college dorm, a pigsty. But it is a pleasure to be here, to move, to walk, to pee, then to walk some more, lie on a bench, do some pelvic stretching, sharing food, candy, and more of that delicious iced coffee in a rubberized container that I am shamelessly sexualizing while discussing our aches and

pains. Offered Advil and ibuprofen, I decline them. Except for Eric, who has done this circumnavigation dozens of times, this is the first time for each of us. We are happy together, witnesses for each other. We are enjoying each other's company a good deal. Small boats, ones powered by hand, feet, and wind, have this effect on people.

It is about 4pm. I know that we are more than halfway and I am sure that the worst is over. Discussing this trip a week earlier, I recall Eric mentioning there would be two or three stops, the third being at the 79th Street Marina. Often, I recalled him saying, by then the Hudson is running so strong that people mostly do not want to stop, the river is moving them along like an express. Even allowing for hyperbole, I am looking forward to some help from my neighborly river. By the time we are ready to leave, I feel much better. Except in my left forearm, I have no pain. All my fingers are working. I am an optimist.

From the boathouse it is about a mile to the railroad bridge connecting Manhattan Island with the Hudson Valley. Digging into the river with renewed strength, now I realize just how grimly focused I was on getting relief. On the left and right polished granite cliffs cleaved by that glacial torrent rise sheer, the mighty Palisades marking the horizon, and the Hudson filling everything in between, this is worth the whole trip. Seeing all of this as I made the approach to the boathouse, I had eyes only for the dock.

The water feels different now, not uphill any longer. Maybe, just maybe, the Hudson's strengthening current will draw me south on a long, downhill glide to Pier 60. Approaching the railroad bridge I see the heavily wooded upland of northern Manhattan rising sharply on the left. On a course that is taking me gradually south I head deep into the river, fleeing the lingering effects of the Harlem's confinement. My eyes are on Inwood, Fort Tryon, the Cloisters, the river bank dotted with soccer fields filled with young men imagining themselves Maradona and other heroes unknown to me.

Without really paying attention, I have put my boat directly into the wind, to take the rising waves on the bow. Hope pitted against exhaustion, I ignored basic knowledge of summer weather in the northeast that I have had since childhood. Throughout the day the sun heats the water's surface. In the afternoon, as the sun descends, its angle of declination changing, the water begins to surrender its heat to the now cooling air. The result is wind. As the air continues to cool, while I am paddling down the river, the gusting wind is going to get stronger. In New York the prevailing wind is from the southwest. Seeing the first whitecap I know the river is not going to be a friendly neighbor. Staring at the double span of the George Washington Bridge, seemingly closer than it is because of its size, I caution myself, one goal at a time.

I will make it to Pier 60, the question is when. I remind myself that I am kayaking on the Hudson River, to enjoy myself. And I do. The other paddlers are far ahead of me, but visible. I am comfortable on the water, do not feel alone because I am not. I am in control of my boat and although I am in pain again, my paddle is a friend. But the bridge, about two miles south, does not seem to be getting closer and I stifle the thought that I will have to submit to the ignominy of a tow. While resting at the Boat House Eric has amused us

with stories about pretentious paddlers he has towed. I do not now regret having suggested to him that he put a towing fee in his price schedule.

Hundreds of yards shy of the bridge I see Eric and Josie paddling toward me. It is a moment of truth. "I thought to offer you some help." He was kind, without condescension. "I thought maybe your back or your left hand?" Shaking my head, I say no. "I am tired but I am in control of this boat and I am going home on my paddle, thank you." He nodded, Josie smiled, and they paddle south.

For the rest of the trip they stay within several hundred yards of me, paddling at half speed, paddling with David, chatting. I know they are giving me a moral tow. Getting up on me, sometimes slipping behind as I have a burst of strength, hit a current and get a sprint, they hang around. A great paddler, a good person, Eric does not talk to me, occasionally he gives me a glance. Thank you, Eric.

The lowering sun has set the West Side of Manhattan aglow, the color intensified by the green of Riverside Park. Agony is mostly what I remember from the George Washington to Grant's Tomb, the northern end of Riverside Park. Disheartened by powerful gusts of wind that disrupt my paddling, I change my thumb position on the paddle to ease the numbness which has returned to my left hand. It makes my paddling still weaker. I keep reminding myself, sit straight, back against the seat, head up, don't lean, don't reach, keep the paddle high, bite the water. None of it works. I am too tired to maintain the rhythm that is essential to take advantage of the current that is running in my favor. Even with 3kts in hand, 20-30kt gusts blowing in my face combine with weariness to make me miss strokes. Each one puts the kayak into the equivalent of a stall. I remind myself that I am the battery.

Urging myself to pick marks, to break the remainder of the trip into achievable portions, I seek Manhattan landmarks. Jersey is unknown except for the towers of Fort Lee. It seems I will never arrive at the Water Purification Plant at 125th Street. Am I going backwards? Adding to the burden, the jet skis reappear. (Why do I hate them so? Their drivers love them. Is it just the noise? No. Is it my exhaustion and their ease? No. I have hated them on three continents, driven by people of both sexes and all colors, including friends. They are an affront, intended to turn the water into a highway. I know the sea can shift for itself, but I am an Adventure Luddite).

Thankfully it is only their vile noise that intrudes as they move inshore and north toward the riverside parks. Several large power boats cut their speed as they pass, one driver returning a wave to my paddle, raised in acknowledgement of his courtesy. What conceit, I admonish myself, lifting my paddle in a 30kt breeze. "While I may have become a snail, I want to show who is in charge of the shell. Two oil bunkers plow past, taking my attention as I turn the bow into their wakes, enjoying the plunging water. As I approach Eric, who is waiting at the water plant, he heads his boat inshore, shouting, "the effect of the wind is less..." I follow, knowing that I am no longer really thinking.

My left arm is aching so badly I try paddling on the right side and maintain direction by keeping the rudder hard left. Stupid. I give it up after a dozen strokes. Grant's Tomb and

the lift provided by the heavily wooded green expanse of Riverside Park stretching south, is blown away by a series of hard gusts. Next time, I tell myself, I will enjoy the river. Now I am paddling to finish. The Riverside Drive overpass comes very slowly. Will I ever see the 96th Street underpass?

On a promontory, at 89th Street, seeming to hover above a mature grove of mulberry trees I know, is the noble and neglected Soldier's and Sailor's Monument. Imprisoned now by my ambition, my legs locked in place, my arms like pipe, only my shoulders seem to be working normally and, curiously, without pain, I command myself to visualize the movements of the t'ai chi form that I practice. At first halting, stumbling over the opening sequence several times, then more steadily, I feel myself making the movements, I actually do see them, and they look better than I have ever done them. This is the first time I have been able to do it. I know this is my brain explaining to me that it is still in control. If I do not give up, certainly it will not.

Below 125th Street I know the shoreline in detail, having walked from Grant's Tomb to south of the 79th Street Marina many times, often thinking about doing what I am doing. Well, not quite this. I know that when I arrive at the marina there will be no help for me from the current but I will not stop again. Sprouting over a jumble of piers and warehouses, I spy the antennas of the *Intrepid*, an aircraft carrier museum 30 blocks downriver. That is my next goal. Attempting to make my exhaustion work for me, I try to intuit the long vanished Holland-American Line piers where my parents and brothers, my mother seven months pregnant with me, staggered and perplexed, descended into America 58 years ago. Nothing.

It is after 7pm, there is plenty of daylight still. The wind is easing as the air and water temperature equalize, allowing me to reclaim a measure of dignity. While my stroke has no power, it is steady. Now I am in traffic, Jersey ferries and tour boats, a berthed Circle Liner blares brassy Latin music. It must be an evening cruise since I heard no music from any of the boats that passed throughout the day. Just past the floating scrap heap celebrating past glory, finally, yes, I see an edge of the massive cage of the golf driving range. Each stroke now is one less stroke to make. It disappears. Calm down, it is not a mirage. Obscured for a minute by a big warehouse that from a distance seemed to be behind the driving range, it reappears. I am reassured.

A neon crab is blinking red at me. I have made it. Paddling across the face of the piers of the Sports Complex, roller bladers whizzing along, a couple necking juicily, I see Eric and Josie waiting at the mouth of Pier 60, grinning. As I pull toward them Eric gives me a thumb's up and I feel nothing except satisfaction. I am grateful. There is no surge, there is no rush, I glide toward the floating dock where David, Moira, and Vera have already pulled their boats from the water.

Kindly David steadies my boat so that I can disembark. Had he not, I planned to haul my legs out and rest until the pain subsided sufficiently to exit with fair assurance that I would not fall in. I hand him my paddle. Gripping the edge of the dock with my right hand (the left is useless), pushing up, I flop onto the dock and roll free. Graceless, I rue my indifference. Lying on my back, I untie

my Mae West, push it up to pillow my head. Gingerly I remove my gloves, look at the trembling fingers of my left hand, and kiss them. I put the gloves in my hat.

For several minutes I stare blankly at two women standing on the pier, staring down at us. I move first my right leg, then my left. It goes into spasm from knee to thigh. Stifling the pain, I breathe deeply until the muscles release. Several minutes pass before I sit up, then struggle to stand. I am

rooted, only belatedly realizing I am rocking more than the dock. Lurching into motion, my left knee begins working on the third step. I am walking.

Moira takes one more picture and then following Eric's energetic lead, we hose down the boats, stow equipment, and carry the boats into the storage room. I cannot say I remember much except that I did my share. As my body relaxes I feel the weariness. Sitting on a bench under glaring lights I smoke a cigar,

watching young men crash into each other playing roller hockey. I think they are nuts.

Staring at the moon-reflecting waters of the Hudson an hour later from the back seat of a taxi rushing north on the West Side Highway, I am grinning from ear to ear. Tired, really tired, parts of me still trembling, I know the river is truly my neighbor now. Well, at least I have introduced myself. I know this is important only to me, but we have finally spoken.

When I was a young boy we used to spend our weekly summer vacations at Point Pleasant, New Jersey. We'd rent a small place there, I don't think we could afford a big place, but to a kid those things are non-relevant and non-existent. What mattered was the ocean, body surfing 'til I was blue and pruney, swimming out past the ropes and ignoring the lifeguards with my Uncle Jim, who could outswim them all anyway, watching the many boats going in and out of the Manasquan inlet, and, of course, the smell of the salty, sandy air.

At night we'd walk on the wooden boardwalk and lose money on the wheels but, most importantly, acquire a large lime sherbet at Jenkinson's. As I write this I can taste it now, a taste like no other. Fresh, cold, and green lime sherbet would make anything that was wrong right again. Some kind of unseen power available in three sizes. I so looked forward to those visits to the shore and that good old lime sherbet.

You can imagine my disgust when it was announced one year that we were not going to the shore for our vacation but to a lake in Northern New Jersey. "A lake has no waves! A lake has no boats! A lake has no boardwalk with girls, er, lime sherbet! There is gonna be nothing for me to do!" I'm sure I let my displeasure known to my parents in no uncertain terms.

I gave this "vacation on a lake" no chance of credibility even well before we arrived. Until, after arriving, I stood on the edge of the lake and saw "it."

Allow me to back up a bit and confess that, even as a kid, I always wanted to own my own boat. I was convinced that this was the key to true inner happiness. I think I'll blame this on those old Boston Whaler ads showing that 14-footer with the Evinrude 40 horse speeding along the water on a clear sunny day with big smiles on all the faces. I figured that I could probably pull the 14-footer with the 40-horse motor with my Schwinn three-speed Sting Ray bike with the racing slick rear tire and top tube mounted shifter. After all, I rode that thing all over the place and how heavy could a boat be after all? Gee whiz, they even floated when sawn in half! Problem was that boats cost money and I didn't have much. And for some reason, it seemed that money disappeared as soon as I earned it. Funny how some things never change.

Well, when I stood on the edge of the lake staring at "it," somehow I was convinced, don't ask me how, that the white thing over on the far side of the lake, nestled in the trees, was my boat. Someone abandoned it. Imagine, a perfectly good boat, waiting for me on a lake that I'd never been to before! Maybe this vacation wasn't gonna be so bad after all. I'd trade a free boat for some lime sherbet anyway.

Adventure at Lake Betrayal

By Bob Errico

I didn't know what kind it was but, hey, a free boat is a free boat and a ten-year-old can't be too choosy. But what if the "it" was actually that new Whaler waiting for me to just go over there and get it? What if it had the Evinrude 40-horse still on it? Nah, why would someone leave a perfectly good boat out in the middle of nowhere for someone like me? But, still, it was worth a look and, hey, it wasn't that far to the other side of the lake. To be ten and driven by an overworked imagination is bliss and torture at the same time.

There was an aluminum rowboat with the oars in it pulled up on the beach just in front of the cabin we were in and no one was in it so it must be mine to use. For some reason, which I don't remember, I was here in the cabin alone. Not a good place to leave a mischievous lad like me. I hopped in and started to row, row, row that boat straight across the lake to my destiny.

Now, when one rows, time seems to move at different speeds. During the first half of the journey with enthusiasm high, we moved along at hyper speed. I didn't know anything about bow and stern waves but I bet I was planing and could've pulled a skier from the back of that boat judging by the wake I was throwing up. I'm sure I was passing all the powerboats! Then, turning around to assess my progress, it seemed my prize and the other side of the lake had moved further from me. Strange.

Not to worry, press on, row harder, it will be worth the effort. "You will be duly rewarded for your perseverance," I heard an inner voice say. I pulled on toward my goal, undeterred by my aching spaghetti-sized arms. After what seemed like hours I realized that I had brought no water or food. I was hungry and thirsty but still determined in my quest. To complete journeys of great significance some sacrifices must be made and, look, I was getting closer! I could see the sun reflecting off the gleaming hull! It was a little squarer than I had envisioned but surely that was just a trick reflection of light on the lake.

I rowed on, dreaming of how happy and proud I'd be in that new Whaler. Gone forever would be the days of nailing pallets together to make a raft to use in a small pond in the woods near my home. Gone also would be the risking of our lives in the borrowing of plywood from houses under construction so my friends and I could whack together something that would float. I would finally have a boat to call my own!

Stroke after stroke I continued somehow, gathering the strength from some unseen place, knowing that my effort would pay off. I was getting closer now, the gleam brighter than ever, the bright white reflecting the sun's rays almost blinding me. Soon I would be within reach. I hadn't thought about how to get the Whaler back with the rowboat. Oh, I'll just tow the rowboat with the Whaler, of course. We'll fly with all 40 horses at full gallop! Why row?

Maytag? MAYTAG? No, no, it can't be! By some cruel trick my boat turned out to be an abandoned washing machine that someone dumped off the side of the road around the lake. What heartless beast of a human being would do this to a ten-year-old? What cruelty, what thoughtlessness, what an atrocity against humanity!? I never reached the thing, too discouraged and distraught.

As I turned the aluminum chamber of torture around, I realized that I hadn't been aware of the tailwind which I rowed in, possibly accounting for my rocketlike speed. Of course, now I had a headwind to row back into, no Whaler, food, water, and hardly any strength left. I started to suspect that this unplanned voyage of mine might have a quite unhappy conclusion.

As I rowed toward home my thoughts began to turn to a number of things. Like how long I'd been gone, who owned this boat I borrowed, when or if I would make it back, and what kind of trouble I'd be in. It seemed that whenever I followed these natural inclinations of mine, the powers that be (my parents) never seemed to understand. Like the time I disassembled the lawnmower to learn how it worked but, inadvertently, could not reassemble it. Or the time I was "experimenting" with a chemistry set in the house and learned, first hand, about combustion. Contrary to my mom's screaming, I didn't almost burn the house down. Trust me.

As my thoughts ran along these lines I heard the sound of a powerboat approaching. "Strange," I thought. Stranger still that two of the people aboard resembled my mom and dad. As it drew nearer I could see it was them but they seemed to have left their smiles back on shore. Matter of fact, the looks ranged from "thank goodness you are safe" to "just wait till we get back."

The captain of the powerboat towed me and my stolen rowboat back in to the very spot I'd started. On board there was silence. I hated that silence. It was the silence of impending doom.

I don't remember very much what happened after we got back, except that we never went back to that lake for another vacation again. I never owned a Whaler. I sail and row instead, betrayed by powerboats at such an early and impressionable age. I don't particularly enjoy washing machines and I occasionally still seem to get into trouble following my heart. Would we have it any other way?

A Sea Story

By Dan Rogers

Almost anyone who has stood a mid-watch knows the value of a good story. To the more traditional salts, a gam, yarning. And, to clear up any confusion, a fairy tale starts out, "Once upon a time..." and a sea story, "Listen guys, this ain't no s---." After that, they are all pretty much the same thing. Like a fairy tale, a good yarn needs a hero, some sort of adversity to overcome, and a degree of final victory. Otherwise it would have to end with the ever popular, "And then, ya' know what happened? We died!" Whereupon the whole enterprise comes into some doubt.

Also true to the genre, the first time you tell a good yarn it'll start out with, "Let me tell you about this guy that I heard about who..." The second time, "This friend of mine and I..." And forever after that with, "Let me tell you about the time that I..." And the story is all yours.

Well, let me tell you about the time that I almost sank a minesweeper. I was a First Class Yeoman, almost ready to put on the chief's hat. I'd been standing bridge watches on a couple ships over a period of about four years by then. It wasn't exactly within the rules to have an enlisted man assume the duties of Officer of the Deck (underway) in those days (early 1980s). And being an admin type rating caused a lot of sidelong glances when I went before the qual boards.

But I had crawled my way up through the hawse pipe and qualified at all those things the guys with the shoulder boards had to learn. I could bring the ship alongside the pier with the fabled "one bell" landing. I could handle the navigation and pilotage duties. I could manage towing the enormous mine sweeping gear that made the 175', 800 ton ship look more like a farm tractor pulling an outspread harrow astern. I figured I knew my stuff.

It was chow time and already dark. We were proceeding at a slow bell in a north-bound direction in the stretch of water that fronts Seattle, Washington. There's a north-south ship transit lane. But the super ferries running from downtown Seattle west to Bainbridge Island and to Bremerton ply their trade in an essentially east-west track. Like I said, it was dark and the city lights to starboard were an impressive glow.

The suburbs to the west of the salt chuck were a pretty solid glow as well. And anyone who has seen one of those super ferries at night would agree that they resemble an enormous mound of light, sort of like a glowing island, moving at 25kts. Well, anyway, there I was up on the top deck of this Korean War vintage wooden ship with the helmsman and lee helm one deck below. The junior guys were inside with the steam heat running, I, the guy in charge, up topside with a canvas top over my head. I could talk to the helm through a sound tube (basically like they had when Sam Clemons was learning how to handle a stern wheeler). And one deck down and aft was the room we euphemistically referred to as CIC, where the radar operator sat.

As I was saying, we were headed north at about 5kts, the captain and all the officers were at chow in the wardroom, the crew, not on watch, was on the mess deck. Both were three decks below me and accessible only on the starboard side on an outside ladder. I hope you're following me, because... Well, you'll see in a minute.

Another thing every watch stander on every ship that ever left home port knows is

that a watch at sea is "hours and hours of interminable boredom, punctuated by moments of sheer terror." To which I normally add, "and if you don't catch fire, go aground, collide, or sink, you get to come back in four hours and do it all over again."

So there I was, peering into the darkness ahead, checking off the nav aids, supervising the quartermaster and lookouts, taking reports from the main spaces, and all that stuff that a private yacht or large fishing vessel could go the same places without. Nobody called from the radar plot. Nobody called from the lookout stations. And, in one instant, the possibility of not ever making CPO became the least of my worries. Over the VHF radio crackled, without the normal bridge-to-bridge niceties, "Ship on my port bow, this is the super ferry *Spokane!* Captain, are you going to abide by the rules of the road?"

Like an amoeba dividing during mitosis, what had only moments before been the megawatt city skyline had separated into a sea of light and one of those glowing islands. Like I said, my ship was made of wood (to hopefully fool the magnetic mines that were so popular in 1943) and shorter, slower, and not even as tall as this glowing island of light that is made of steel.

Like any sailor worth his salt, I sized up the situation and chose the better part of valor. No discussion with the navigator. No

required, "Captain to the bridge!" No siree, not this kid. I screamed into the voice tube, "ALLBACKFULL!!!" Now remember, all the action is to starboard. The lee helm sprang into motion and, God bless him, he was left-handed. Must have been. He grabbed the port engine order telegraph first and yanked the starboard one a moment later. The port screw began backing first, swinging us away to port. Then the starboard screw caught solid water and we were suddenly going as fast in reverse as we had been going ahead only moments before.

Well, you can imagine how this affected the Captain as his tray most certainly pirouetted into his lap. At this point we were backing furiously to the EAST and the westbound ferry was slicing past us barely yards away. The effect was sort of like looking out a train window while another train whizzes by. Only we weren't allowed the luxury of train tracks. This had to be the view the skipper first saw as he vaulted out onto the starboard weather decks and climbed the exterior ladder up to the conning bridge.

I got us stopped and reoriented with the assigned course and all that sort of thing moments later. I looked across the darkened bridge at a ghost white face wearing the Captain's uniform. It's hard to practice ahead of time what you might say in a situation like this. So I blurted out, "Oh, hi, Cap'n, we're OK now..." To my everlasting gratitude, he just nodded and went back down the ladder.

I transferred to shore duty soon after that. And, yes, some places I go, they still call me "chief."



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(At the conclusion of my article in the April 1 issue, my boat had quit on me in Casco Bay and I had been rescued and towed into port where I left the boat docked overnight. When I returned the next morning my beautiful boat was on the bottom. It took a lot of work to get her back in shape).

I took the engine out and took it apart in my basement shop. This was during my first year in medical practice. I still had quite a bit of time between patients. So, with examination gloves on to keep my hands clean, I took the whole engine apart, placing all the individual pieces in the correct order on my bench. I replaced the valves and other worn parts and eventually reassembled the whole engine. Do I have to tell you that I was mighty happy when she started at first try?

I had named the boat *Lore Marie* after my wife and for a while she served us nicely (I mean the boat) getting back and forth from Union Wharf in Portland to Cliff Island. One day, however, on a very low tide, the neigh-



First boat *Lore Marie*.



Fisherman's skiff with 50hp diesel outboard.

18' aluminum skiff.



Life on an Offshore Maine Island A Proven Method for Becoming a Boataholic Some Small Boats We Owned

By Hans Waecker

bors called to tell me that she was aground. The tide was so low that I actually was able to just walk up to her and sat in the cockpit 'til the tide turned. Then, on her own, she was afloat again.

Some time later the lovingly restored engine developed a hole in the block. The *Lore Marie* was now confined to her mooring. One day, in rough weather, she parted her mooring and drifted off. The Coast Guard rescued her, with considerable effort, but in the process she was badly damaged. The gunwale of the Coast Guard boat had caught under her gunwale and, with both boats bobbing up and down in the seas, pried up the whole deck and the carefully built house. By that time I had "had it" with the whole experience and I sold her for \$50. At that price it did not take long to find a buyer but she was never again launched. She sat on Portland Wharf until all the bronze components, one after the other, had been taken off by "interested" parties. Eventually she disappeared.

My next boat was an old fisherman's skiff with a 50hp four-cycle outboard. In those days this was quite a novelty. Eventually this one found a new owner on Long Island and I bought an 18' aluminum skiff. This was a smart move. The skiff was actually quite pretty and handled nicely in all kinds of weather. One day I was on my way from Rumery's Boatyard in Biddeford, where I had already a 22' Downeast hull under construction. I kept close to shore, past Crescent Beach in Cape Elizabeth. The tide was coming and there was quite a bit of surf. Suddenly the motor stopped running. Each tidal wave pushed me closer to the rocks on the shore, right in front of a lobster shack. The customers at the tables, enjoying their lobsters, had a great time watching me in this precarious situation. Most of them, being "from away" thought I had a great time, but somebody had brains enough to call the Coast Guard.

By the time the Coast Guard arrived I had been washed much higher up on the rocks. The Coast Guard fired a thin line over to me, to which a much heavier tow line was hitched. I belayed this much heavier line to the bow cleat. The Coast Guard towed me off the rocks, headed out to sea, and towed me back to Portland Harbor. The whole problem was caused by a plastic bread bag which had wrapped itself around the lower unit of the outboard and choked it off. The only damage to my boat was a few scratches on the keel. That said a lot for an aluminum boat.

The 22-footer, which Rumery had finished as a launch, was the response to my wish for something like an Aquasport which, at that time, sold for about \$7,000. I had purchased a 22' bare hull for about \$2,000 with the idea to save some money. When my launch finally was finished, all teak, stainless steel, a 100hp diesel engine with out-drive, even with my own work, the final cost was in the \$16,000 range. So much for buying a hull and doing much of the work myself! A few

years later, I saw the boat advertised in the *National Fisherman* for \$3,000 minus the engine and outdrive.

Over all this power boat business I almost forgot to tell you about three sailboats I also had acquired during this period.

The first sailboat was a used Lightning with which I cut my sailor's teeth. I have only two memories of her, the first one when I came with full sail and much noise up on the float of Ted Rand's store on Little Chebeague. Luckily without any great damage. Beginner's luck, I guess.

The other episode I remember was when I had to be in Kennebunkport by 5pm, some 20-odd miles south of Portland. Having left Cliff Island at 4:30pm I was still tacking against the tide around the Bug Light in Portland Harbor. I finally got a tow into Union Wharf by a lobsterman.

The second boat was a Handy Cat, a 14' catboat. She was a pleasant boat. I kept her on a mooring in front of the house. I sailed her, often just until dinner was ready, when I came from Portland after office hours, with a stop over at Ted Rand's for a six-pack.

The next boat I acquired was an 18' Swampscott dory. She had a Ratsey-built Egyptian cotton sprit sail. The smell of this sail fabric was intoxicating. Martha, my wife, and I, after coming home from a vacation in Europe, sailed from Falmouth in pretty rough weather. In the open stretch between Long Island and Cliff the swells reached at least 12', or so it seemed. With pounding hearts we ducked into the lee of Hope Island and safely made it over to Cliff. I should mention here that I am talking about the "Calendar Islands" in Casco Bay, Maine.

We had a somewhat similar experience later in a 16' Amesbury Skiff. Coming from Cliff, around Little Chebeague we ran into a sudden snow squall. It was blowing hard. The outboard propeller was out of the water frequently. Martha was lying on the bottom of the skiff to keep the weight low. We were hoping to get into the lee of Basket Island but the squall pushed us all the way over to the power plant on Cousin's Island, where we tied up on an oil boom.

(To Be Continued)

14' Handy Cat.





\$16,000 open launch from a \$2,000 hull.



Swampscott dory.

Special to the *Plateau Valley Sneeze and Gazette*... A local manufacturing company is the focus of intense interest and speculation. In an exclusive interview with a company official, who declined to be identified because of possibly serious national security concerns, ace science reporter Ima Prying uncovered the incredible story.

Just after dawn yesterday a worker at the plant saw something crawling into the molding shed. Approaching cautiously he snapped a cell photo and then, realizing the possible danger, beat a hasty retreat while calling 911. Being unarmed, the quick thinking employee jumped on a tractor and ran over the beast, using the bucket to cut it right in half. Mesa County Sheriff Will Gettum was soon on the scene with officer Les Holdum for backup.

Around noon a crowd had gathered when a big black helicopter thumped overhead and landed in a cloud of dust. It disgorged a pack of Homeland Security types toting concealed weapons, magnifying glasses, and other paraphernalia. They photographed and fingerprinted all the bystanders, then swore them to secrecy under penalty of Guantanamo.

Donning gloves, they gathered all remains of the critter and carefully cleaned the scene before flying away eastward. Chertoff's office denied all knowledge of the affair. Local law enforcement refused all comment.

That afternoon a background informational meeting was hosted by company principals at the Flamingo Bar and Cafe on Main Street, Collbran. It seems that soon after the

Colorado Polyestermite Spotted

By Jim Thayer



introduction of fiberglass boats something began eating holes in them. It was found to be an organism new to science, possibly a rapidly evolving variant of the teredo. Dubbed the polyestermite, it caused a panic

among the boating industry. Damage to rope and hauled boats gave rise to fears that it was evolving terrestrial proclivities.

Disaster was averted by adding a very selective poison to the boat material. This poison, by inducing very rapid poly ion transfer in the mite's digestive system, caused spontaneous combustion of the polyestermite. The blistering of fiberglass boats, common at the time and believed to be caused by osmotic pressure, is now thought to have been caused by the spontaneous combustion of small polyestermite larvae.

The ceo of GMBW, a former science teacher, speculates that the transfer of boats and molds from Virginia to Colorado in the early days of fiberglass may have resulted in the introduction of some hardy mites to Plateau Valley. They may have lain dormant for many years or, perhaps, grown slowly, undetected.

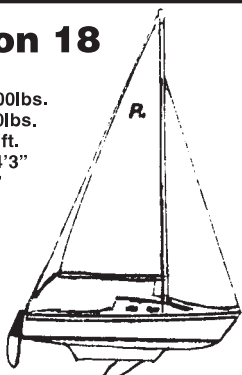
The reduced activity at the plant in recent years may have allowed a survivor to obtain sufficient resin for rapid growth. It has been customary to leave 5gal buckets of resin sitting around the shop and this would have given the creature ample food. The liquid resin is doubtless more digestible and would cause no harm since the poison component is contained in the hardener. Unfortunately the physiology of the mysterious organism will probably never be known. Our investigation continues.

The *Plateau Valley Sneeze and Gazette*, a fearlessly investigative small town newspaper devoted to the public good, feels compelled to disclose this information in the face of overbearing government censure. Hopefully we fly under their radar.

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Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
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16- B.K.
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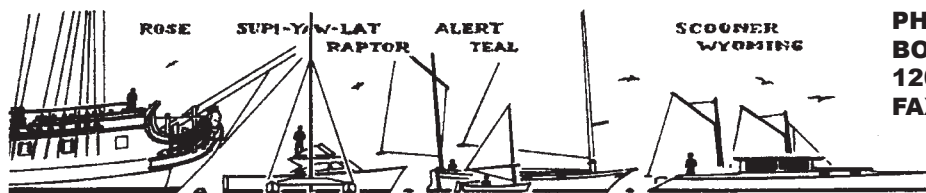
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Bolger on Design

Le Cabotin/*Anemone*

4 Part Progress Report on Design #576
 (Upgraded)

Part 2

First Trial Under Sail

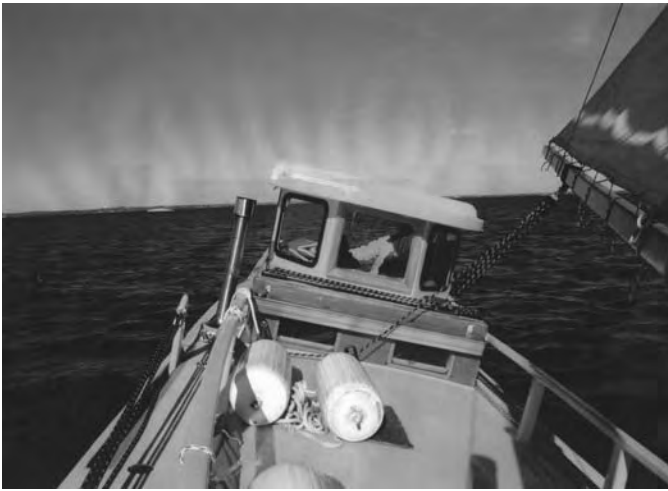
The next day was clear and not too cold. They got her underway with a couple of friends helping and us observing and taking photos. The mast stayed lowered to slide her under two low road bridges until we reached Lac St. Louis, just south of Montreal on the St. Lawrence. Raising the mast went smoothly, they'll do it much faster when they've had more practice. There was just enough wind to give her steerage way, just as well as some of the gear is not quite in place as it will be.

It was reassuring to see how the apparently small (450sf) cat rig keeps her going, with steerage way to maneuver and tack reliably on the glassy lake. The little balanced rudder had already proved itself in a trade winds ocean passage in the prototype. Note the highly visible propeller, no cheating!

A week later, just before haulout, the Gauthiers had a chance to establish that she behaved well in a whole sail breeze. As a footnote, between her boat building tool load stowed for the time being far forward and her mighty 25hp 12.5" prop fount-stroke outboard, she can make a bit of fuss nearing 7kts at wide-open throttle.

Plans of Design #576, including the Le Cabotin plans with those of the lighter and cheaper, but less capable, original version, are available for \$500 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube; nine 22" x 34" sheets of drawings and detailed keyed specifications, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, U.S.





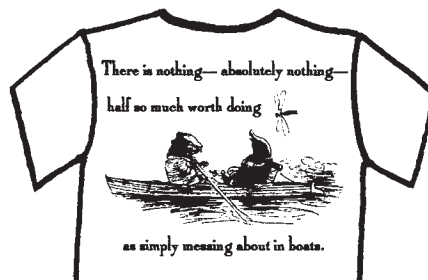
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The Quest

As a young sailor, I have always been advised by my elders to follow certain procedures in caring for my sails when I return from a day of sailing. "Lay out your sails. Wipe off the dirt and moisture. Flake and roll your sail tightly and carefully. Make certain you keep the sail in its bag. Put the sail away in the shed." Experienced sailors seemed to feel that the least amounts of dirt, salt water, rainwater, or excessive sunlight could damage their sails and hinder their boat's performance.

Back in the days of canvas and cotton, I thought, the perceptions of these "old salts" were probably true. But what about modern sail fabrics and technologies? Weren't Kevlar® sails and other modern laminates practically bulletproof? Did I still have to baby my sails? These were some of the questions I set out to answer in this paper. To begin my quest for answers, I needed to know more about the development of sail fabrics, so I turned first to history and the experts.

"In the past, sails had to be constructed from whatever materials were at hand such as skins, flax, cotton, bamboo, coconut fiber, and jute. Whatever the material, all sails suffered from stretch and shrinkage and most let the air seep through" (Bond, 1990).

Next came cotton. "Cotton, being a natural fiber, has poor resistance to rot, UV light,

I Received Exceptional Value

This article is an edited version of a research paper on sail strength that was originally written by Kyle McMillan, a young sailor who is currently a high school senior in Delaware. Kyle originally contacted me last fall for a PolySail sample and I agreed to send her a free kit and provide some guidance if she would put me in touch with her instructor to validate the research project assignment and agree to send me a copy of her final paper.

In the course of our correspondence, Kyle laid out her research plan for testing the strengths of various sail materials and I responded that I thought her results would be of great interest to the sailing community. Subsequently, I offered to see if I could get her results published if she did a respectable job on her project. When I received her final report I was greatly impressed with both the quality of Kyle's writing and the level of her original research. I think you and your readers will come to a similar conclusion as they read this edited piece.

While my product did not fare well in the final testing, I don't think this report diminishes PolySails as an inexpensive alternative to other sail materials as long as the PolySails are well cared for. As both a businessman selling sail kits and as a former high school teacher and part-time writing instructor at a local community college, I think I received exceptional value for my investment in Kyle and her project.

I hope she gets to see her name in print!

Dave Gray, PolySail International, 22 Sunblest Ct., Fishers, IN 46038-1175

The Strength of a Sail

The Effects of Ultra Violet Light and Moisture on the Strength of Sail Materials

By Kyle McMillan

and water absorption, hence the coating of sailcloth with varnish, making the sails quite heavy and stiff. These qualities made it unsuitable sailcloth" (John, 2004). In 1902, Ernest A. Ratsey came from England to America and introduced Egyptian cotton. Although this cotton stretched less, it experienced problems with moisture, rot, and mildew.

Nylon, which took its name from New York and London, eventually appeared as the first synthetic fiber, but the early versions of Nylon used in sailmaking had problems with ripping, elongation, and water absorption.

Sailmakers tried Orlon next, but since it could only be woven into lightweight cloth, its application was limited to small, one-design boats (Whidden and Levitt, 1990). Dacron®, another synthetic created as a by-product of oil refining, was invented in 1941 and is now owned and trademarked by the DuPont Company. However, it was this polyester fiber that created the initial competition between the two lead sail manufacturers, Ted Hood of Hood Sails and Lowell North of North Sails, Inc. Their competition to improve sail fabrics eventually revolutionized the sport.

In the latter half of the 20th century improvements in design, strength, longevity, and stretch resistance started occurring all over with smaller companies now joining the competition and making use of newly developed sail materials. The most important fabrics today include Dacron®, woven Nylon, Polyester/Mylar laminates, Kevlar®/Mylar laminates, and Spectra/Mylar laminates.

"Prior to laminated sailcloth the most desirable qualities for sails, light weight, low stretch, high strength, and durability, could not be combined in one package. Low stretch meant heavy, light weight meant delicate" (Whidden and Levitt, 1990). Sailors and sail manufacturers now tend to look more closely at the fabrics and how they move, testing every possible factor.

The Test

To create a successful sail, manufacturers have to test for certain properties that may reveal weaknesses in their sail fabric. The cloth's geometry, stretch resistance, strength, weight, flexibility, tenacity, porosity, water absorption, and ultraviolet (UV) resistance might all be tested. For example, Haarsticksails Co., a sail manufacturing company, first measures initial strength, or maximum weight capability, on an Instron machine, which pulls a strip of material until it tears.

Next, the same fabric is placed in a unique Impact Flutter machine, which is essentially a wheel that spins the strip causing it to forcefully hit the side of a wooden table. Company personnel then re-test the strip for strength in the Instron machine and compare the two results as a simulation of how well a sail may hold its shape on a boat. "These days, few sails actually fail by breaking, but many are flown in more wind than they are designed for and fail by becoming permanently distorted or blown out" (Whidden and Levitt, 1990).

By determining the material's yield strength, which is the point beyond which it can no longer recover to its original length, having exceeded maximum load capability, and comparing it to the predicted sail load that may be experienced, companies can estimate a maximum wind speed potential for a particular piece of fabric.

However, I was more interested in learning how well modern sail materials held up to sunlight and moisture. Did the old timers' advice still hold? If a sail material comes in contact with UV rays and moisture, will its strength gradually decrease, making it more susceptible to tearing?

For my test I was going to need three essentials: 1) some modern laminated sail fabrics, 2) an Instron machine to measure fabric tear strength, and 3) a machine that could "weather" a sail fabric with UV exposure and moisture. I chose ten different sail materials representing a wide range of prices and (advertised) quality, including: DuPont™ Sorona, PolySail International's PolySail material, DuPont™ Dacron®, North NLT 605XI5 6000 DPI, Dimension-Polyant FLX08A, Contender AKS6, Bainbridge CL75, Bainbridge Ocean745, Bainbridge DDM 70TT, and two strips of WL Gore & Associates' architectural fabric, Tenera, a new architectural fabric that has incredible resistance to moisture and UV exposure.

WL Gore & Associates' Instron Tensile Tester 3360 Series, Dual Column Testing, was made available to measure tensile strength/breaking force, which is the load, in lbs/inch, at which the material tore. WL Gore & Associates also provided their QUV Accelerated Weathering Tester to weather the sails with ultraviolet light and moisture for retesting in the Instron machine later. By comparing the initial and "weathered" points at which the fabrics tore, I expected to learn whether our modern laminated sail fabrics still needed all the care that mature sailors recommended.

To measure the tensile strength of the fabrics, I cut each sample into five 1"x14" separate strips. The first four strips were used in the Instron machine to measure the initial "breaking point" of each of the fabrics in pounds per square inch. The results of these tests appear in Table 1.

The fifth sample of each type of material went into the QUV machine on November 22, 2006. Each day this machine emitted 20 hours of UV light intensity and produced a four hour condensation cycle in which the air inside reached 100% relative humidity then condensed on and soaked the fabrics. After 65 days of this intense treatment I photographed and recorded observations about the "weathered" fabrics recovered from the QUV machine. Finally, I removed the surviving sample strips and sent them back to the Instron machine for final strength measurements. The picture shows the results of this intensive weathering. The table below the picture reflects my observations.

As the table makes clear, only the Tenera fabric showed no visible changes and still felt the same, having an average initial strength of 502.5lbs/in. The Tenera fabric is (barely) visible at the top of the photo above.

Finally, all fabrics, except for the nylon ripstop and PolySail material, both of which had deteriorated too much to test, were retested on the Instron for post-UV and moisture strength. The results appear in Table 3:

The results of this experiment appear to justify experienced sailors' concern for sail care. Nearly all the sail fabrics weakened and deteriorated substantially after intense exposure to UV and moisture. Only the Tenera architectural fabric, which is not currently used as a sail fabric because of its thickness, weight, and expense, showed no deterioration. In fact, a couple of my samples surprised me with the amount of deterioration they suffered. The ripstop nylon practically crumbled in my hand after the UV/moisture testing. In addition, I showed the Post-UV PolySail sample to David Gray, who markets sailmaking kits made from the PolySail material, and he was shocked at the extent to which his material had failed. He emailed this response:

"One of the reasons that the polyethylene and ripstop nylon materials failed so miserably in this test could have something to do with the thickness and/or weight of the materials being compared. The 5.5oz/sq yd white Polytarp might look pretty good compared to 2.5oz blue Polytarp under the same conditions. From experience in using both materials as boat covers, I know that the blue tarps disintegrate much faster than the white ones under harsh winter conditions. Ripstop nylon is also a very thin, lightweight synthetic which might account for its poor performance under the UV/moisture test (D. Gray, of Polysails, personal communication, January 26, 2007).

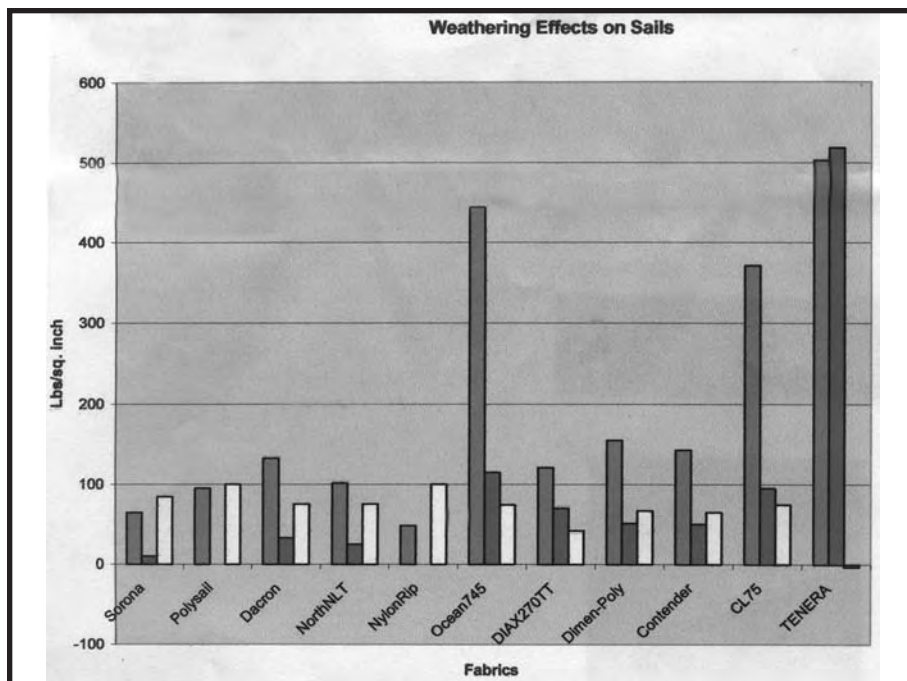
The fabrics with the clear coating on them, like the Contender AKS6 and the Dimension-Polyant fabrics, seemed to have more resistance to strength loss during the test. Although my experiment tested multiple variables, there were many more variables that I could have tested. If I were to run my tests again, one thing I would certainly do would be to make certain that all fabrics weighed the same. I would also test these samples for more properties to figure out their overall efficiency. That way I could compare one fabric's overall performance level to another.

A second test might also explore the economics of sail materials to see if less efficient ones are being sold for higher prices. The results could be released to customers as more information for making the smarter buy. After talking with David Gray about his PolySails, I also learned that the color of a fabric can make a difference in its resistance to UV light. Using that knowledge, I would like to conduct another similar test using only one color for all fabrics.

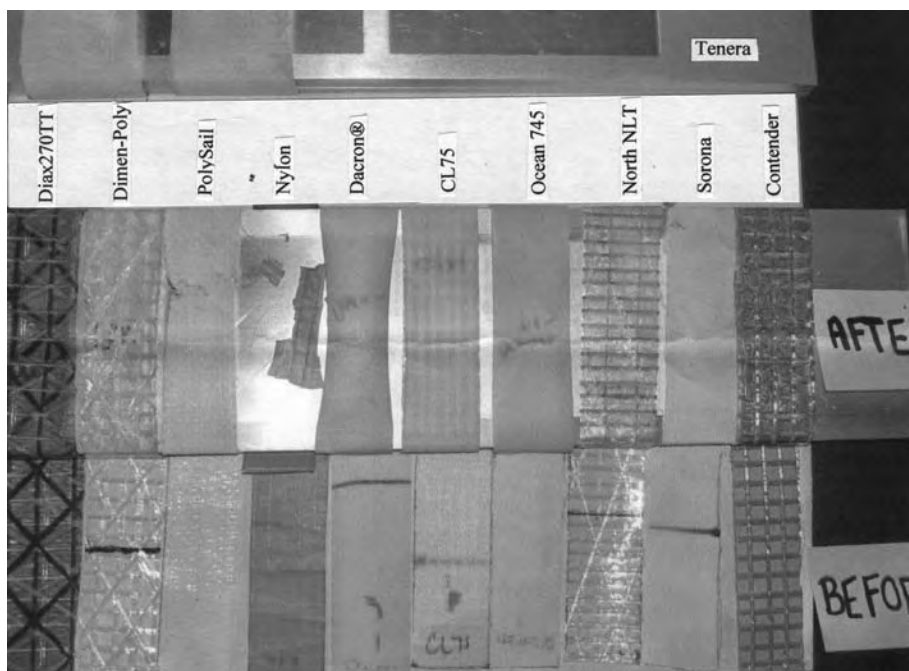
Another alteration I would make in a future experiment would be to test each sample in more than one direction. Each fabric has multiple types of fibers running in separate directions, whether in warp, fill, or bias. By testing all three directions, I would most likely get three strength measurements that differ considerably. A three-direction test would be a much more reliable test of overall strength because the sail has to hold shape and strength in every way possible.

For maximum performance, a sailor selects the sail for his or her boat depending on how it will be used. Manufacturers sell cruiser sails, racing sails, spinnakers, etc. In another test I would use only one type of sail. If more variables were controlled, the results could have been much more significant and valuable to both manufacturers and sailors.

The results of this experiment made me realize how much I am harming my sail by



Because we cannot reprint the color bars in the graph, each set of three show from left to right: Average Initial Strength, Final Strength, and Percent Strength Loss. (Note: Test results are +/- 20 lbs.)



| Sample | Visible Observations Post-UV |
|------------|---|
| Sorona | Not as soft. Discoloration. |
| Polysail | Torn across the middle. Very dry. |
| Dacron | Discoloration. Stiff. Curling under from the sides. |
| NorthNLT | Coating is peeling and chipping off. Stiff |
| NylonRip | Lost all color. Shrunk. Very fragile. |
| Ocean745 | Discoloration. Sides are curling under. Stiff |
| DIAx270TT | Little change except stiff and some wrinkling. |
| Dimen-Poly | Coating is coming off. Stiff. |
| Contender | Coating is coming off and has air bubbles. Stiff. Discoloration |
| CL75 | Some stiffness. Discoloration. |
| TENERA | No visible changes. |

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leaving it out in the sun too much. Also, after seeing the extent of Nylon's degradation due to moisture, I am going to start wrapping up my sail even tighter and putting a cover on it in the shed in order to help protect the fabric from

mold, moisture, and all light. "Treat your sails like a newborn baby and you will sail faster and extend their life. A little tender, loving care goes a long way" (eHow, 2000). I guess I have to concede that the "old salts" were right.

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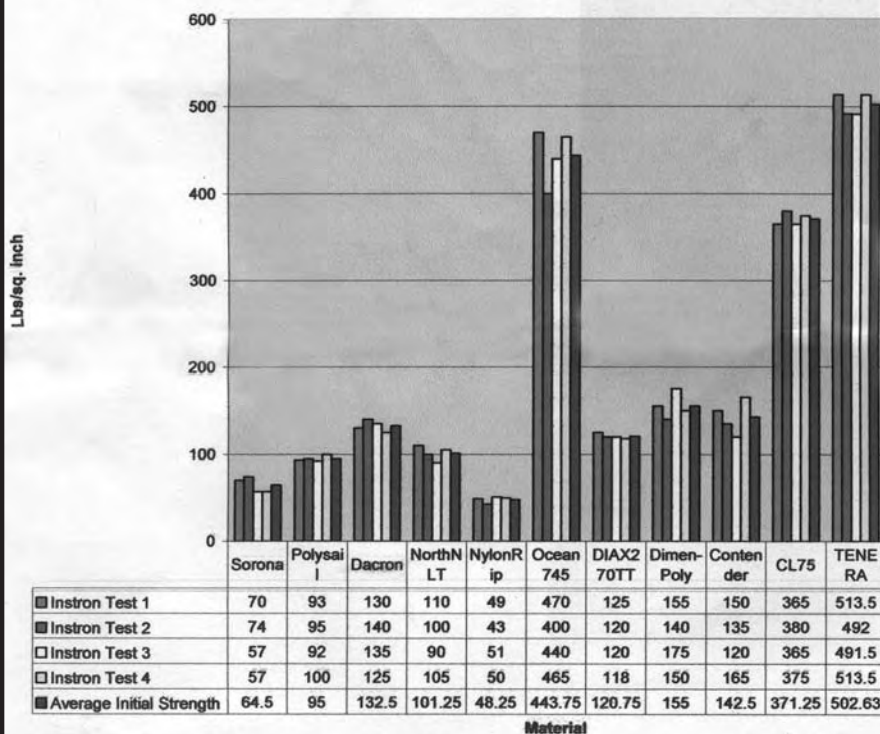
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Because we cannot reprint the color bars in the graph, each set of five show from left to right: Instron Test #1, Instron Test #2, Instron Test #3, Instron Test #4, Average Initial Strength.

Initial Tensile Strength



Damn if it wasn't Monday morning again! It was the start of another whole long miserable week of work. It had been a delightful weekend on the boat, as close as possible to perfect. Now the warm morning air wafted through open windows while the trees beyond rustled gently in the light air. Above was powder blue laced with puffy white clouds, while below the earth was painted summer green. Birds sang. It seemed much too good to be a workday. No doubt the breeze would build with the heat and the tide. Something just didn't seem right. That old uneasy feeling was back and I knew that I'd better talk with somebody.

Today's world is so complex and changeable that self-reliance is seldom adequate. Millions of people flock to therapists. Perhaps to them the idea of having a mentor seems strange, yet there is significant value to it. My mentor provides clear insight and offers sensible suggestions for a realistic course of action. Having a confidant quiets the emotions and helps establish focus. My mentor is an older gentleman, not tall, perhaps too portly, but always smiling and full of wisdom and sound counsel. It was time to sit down face to face and have a good honest talk.

Shicka, shicka, shicka, squish. The usual sounds preceded our meeting. I sat at my desk as he took his place opposite. There was that old familiar smile, that old fedora perched on his head. True, he was far along in years and perhaps not as scrupulously clean as formerly, yet he always comported himself with gentlemanly dignity in the manner of his generation. We have known each other for 50 years now. His is a reassuring presence in my life.

"Good morning, sir!" I said.

"And good morning to you, my son, so very good to see you. You look well. Tell me what's on your mind," he replied. He's such a nice guy, always concerned, always willing to help. Like everyone else, I feel a certain vulnerability when I open myself up to someone, so this is the one guy that I know will never violate my confidence.

"Well, sir, I feel conflicted regarding boating versus responsibilities at work. On the one hand it's an ideal day for a sail. On the other hand Bill really needs me at work and I can hardly afford to take another day off," I rambled along while he sat serenely and listened attentively.

"My son, it is indeed a lovely sailing day, but as you say you have prior responsibilities at work. Talk to me about responsibility, This is a theme we have often explored together."

"Sir, responsibility infects many people and makes them miserable and angry. It's like strong drink that few can handle successfully."

When I finished he said, "My son, at your age you surely know that you must take care of your responsibilities first. Goodbye for now and may we meet again." I thanked him and bid goodbye. His meaning remained elusive.

I reached across the desk and with one swift move knocked that fedora right off his head and halfway across the room. I quickly plucked out both eyes and twisted off his too big nose. A yank for each ear and then one for the mouth was all it took to finish him off. I gathered all the little pieces and placed them back in Mr. Potato Heads' cigar box home. I tossed the potato through the open window and into the yard.

I returned to the kitchen. As usual I listened to the weather broadcast on the VHF

Mentoring

Sound Counsel and
RESPONSIBILITY

By Captain Gnat

radio while preparing breakfast. The vaguely Slavic voice of Igor, the NOAA weather electronic Potato Head, came on. I felt a certain smug superiority about having a real potato based Potato Head. No foolish electronic imitations for me. I have the real thing. It takes more than one crackpot to come up with the idea of an electronic Potato Head. As a traditionalist I rely solely on Maine potatoes.

Today even Igor seemed different. No maundering. No obsession with useless statistics. No doublespeak about "potentially developing weather situations." He got right to the marine weather for Cape Cod Bay. "Clear, southwest 10-12kts, 2'-3' seas." That settled it. I pushed the off button before Igor went off on one of his tangents.

The day would be a beauty, there was no doubt about that. It would be a great sailing day. Then reality came crashing in. It was Monday. It was a workday. It was the start of a whole long miserable week of work. Bill was counting on me. Still, I thought if there were a really good reason I would take the day off. Just then I remembered. "How could I have forgotten that?" I wondered.

I picked the phone right up and called Bill. He answered and I said "Good morning, Bill, I just called to let you know that I can't come in today, some important family issues have come up and must be addressed."

Bill said "I'm sorry to hear that, Gnat, I was counting on you. I suppose I'll have to make do. Is everything OK.? Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Thanks, Bill, but it's OK, nobody got hurt or anything. It's my dog's second cousin's friend's birthday and it's important for us to be there." There was a pause.

Bill sounded a bit harsh when he next spoke. "Again, Gnat? Wasn't it just last Monday that he had a birthday? Isn't the poor little tyke aging quickly?"

"What! Bill, what are you talking about? Last Monday was my dog's FRIEND'S second cousin's birthday. Surely you don't think... Little Bongo's feelings would be so hurt if he knew what you just said."

"OK, Gnat! Family comes before work. Hope all goes well." He hung up. I felt relieved to have taken care of my responsibilities first, just as my mentor counseled.

I rowed out to the boat. What a day! There are never very many boats around on a weekday. I love weekdays. That is, I love weekdays when I'm on the boat. I released the sheet, hauled on the main halyard, then gave it a few good pumps and made fast. I followed the same routine for the staysail. She fell off a little when the mooring pendant was let go and then gathered way as she was sheeted in. Soon she was sailing herself so the big yankee was set. She picked up speed. Misery, Bakers, and House Islands fell astern and Gloucester loomed ahead.

What a delightful boat. Varnished fir spars spread lovely tanbark sails. Little droplets of spray moistened the wood decks. Wooden benches and varnished mahogany coamings lent comfort. A Stonehorse always has a sweet motion. It felt good to have made that phone call and taken care of my responsibilities. No doubt about it, today was a day

that any responsible person would take to sail.

I thought about Bill. Once again he overreacted. The way he groaned and moaned when I told him about the dog's birthday was uncalled for and not a very healthy response. It's not the first time either. Needless to say, no human being is perfect, all of us have faults or weaknesses. As humans we all tend to think that the other guy is the real problem. Often coupled with this is the inability to see ourselves as others see us.

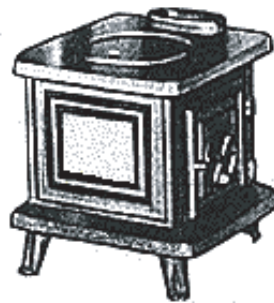
No matter how many Mondays something comes up that prohibits me from working, Bill always gets upset. He has trouble accepting reality and persistently points the finger at me. He thinks he's OK. He cannot see himself the way I see him. I've known for some time that Bill has been sailing off the rhumb line. He's not mean spirited or anything, it's just this quirk that he has. He has some weird thing about Mondays, an obsession perhaps. He may never get over it.

But that's not all. He recently confided in me that he had been seeing a pteridontist for a while now. That came as quite a shock. I asked him to repeat himself. He said that he had been seeing a pteridontist for the past few months. I assured him that he had many friends who would support him through this, that there were others just like him, and that were people who could help him. I let him know that it was nothing to be ashamed of but that it would be very wise to seek professional help, and soon.

Not surprisingly he seemed puzzled. I'd said enough and knew that it was best not to upset him. It was good that he could speak openly about it. That's the first step. On the other hand, this is more than just idiosyncratic. This is a grave problem. Pteridontists have been extinct for millions of years. If he's seeing one of them, he needs professional help.

We sailed on.

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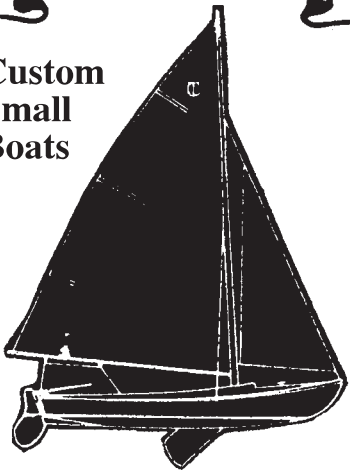
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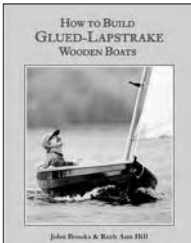


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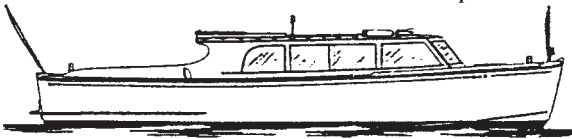


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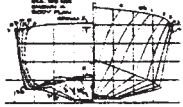
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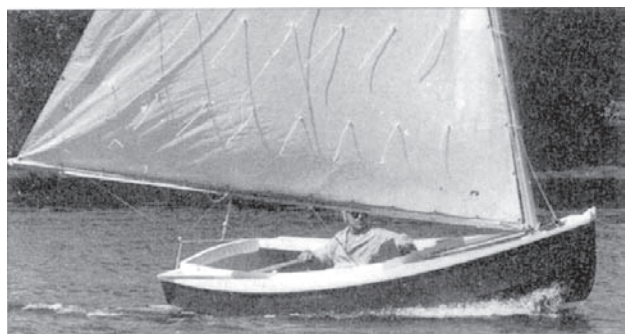


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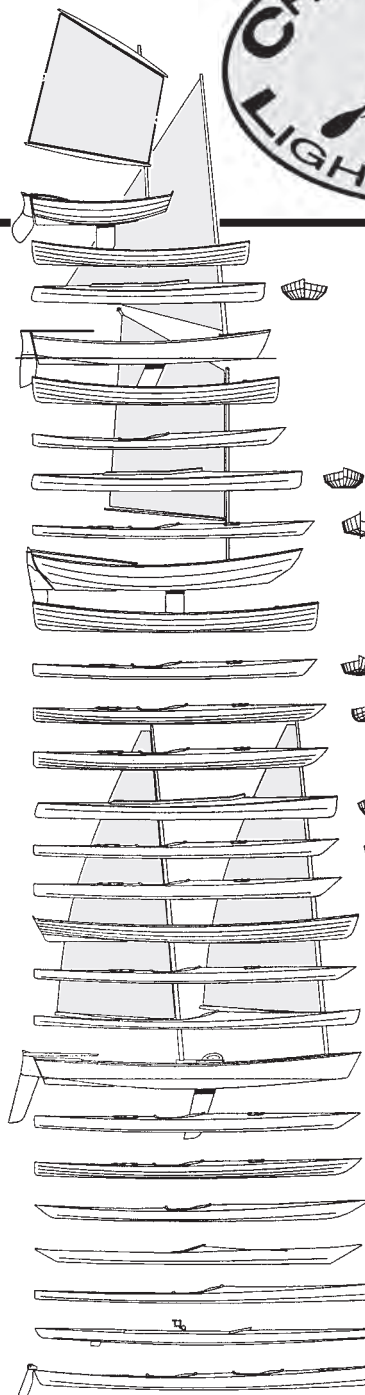
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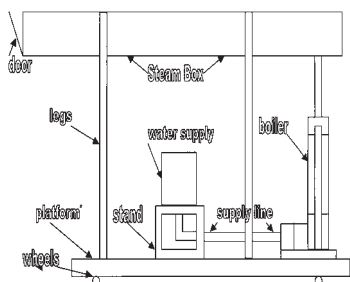
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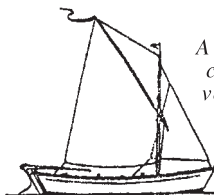
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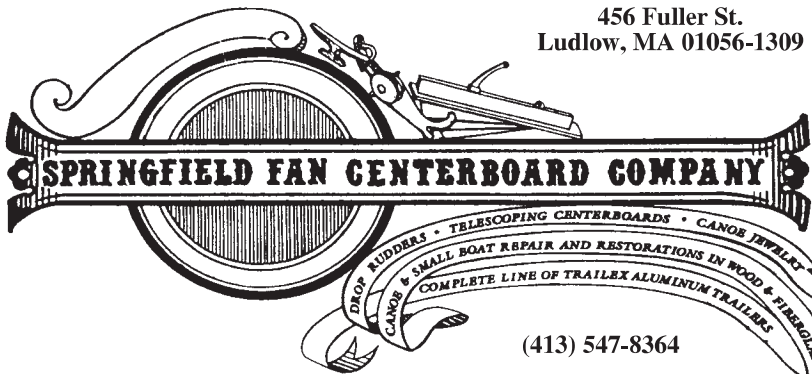
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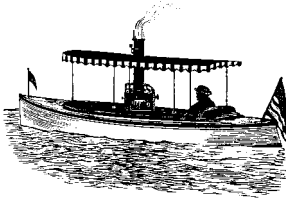
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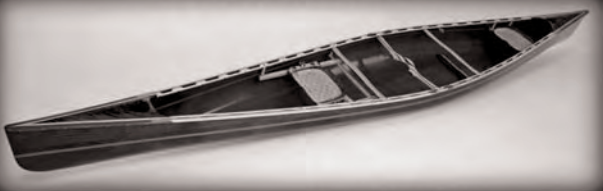
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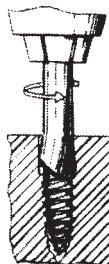
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8' Trinka Sailing Dingy, teak floor boards, self bailer, canvas boat cover & spar bag, varnished oars, galv EZ Loader trlr, used 4 times & stored in garage. \$3,500. **'02 Zodiac 9'4" Inflatable**, C-285S, never used & stored inflated in garage. \$900. **9'4" Watertender Dinghy**, double-v, used. \$300.

HAROLD SHETTLES, CT, (860) 859-2815, harold.m.shettles@snet.net (2)

Trinka 12, '94, designed by Bruce Kirby. Classic traditional good looks, readily planes, self draining cockpit. Good shape. \$1,750. Located in Pennsylvania.

BOB MACNEILL, PA, (727) 385-8100 or bobmacneill@msn.com (1)

9'x4' FG Dinghy, Cape Cod Shipbuilding Model MK-11-67. Compl sailing rig w/2pc alum mast, sail, cb, rudder & set of oars. Grt shape. Sells new for \$3,450. Asking \$1,400.

JIM CROWELL, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-2475 anytime (1)

19' Grady White Runabout, Barron model, 165hp Merc IO, top, side & rear curtains, all white ext, red vinyl int, bilge pump & blower, compass, horn, spotlight, stereo, CB, VERY low hours, on tandem Holsclaw trlr. \$4,500 or bro. Located in Wilmington, MA.

MIKE FIORETTI, N. Reading, MA, (978) 664-2352 (1)

37' Herreshoff Meadowlark, mahogany over oak frame kit by Alan Vaites. 10hp Sabb G Diesel w/variable pitch prop. All original Herreshoff bronze fittings for leeboards, rudder. All bronze fastened. Considerable repairs to deck, raised cabin for full headroom in main cabin. Shipmate stove. \$9,500.

MARK HALL, Stockton, CA, (209) 609-7044 (1)

16' Chrysler Catamaran Sailboat, w/trlr, '74. \$595. 10.5' Dinghy, lapstrake mahogany. \$295.

DANIEL B. LEE, 1103 Kindley St., Greensboro, NC, 27406 (1)

Sunfish, Bought used 3 yrs ago. In vy gd cond. Used it 5 times at most. Sail, mast & tiller stored indoors. Moving & would like it to go to a new family. \$350.

PAUL COLE & JUDY NAST, Wayland, MA, (508) 816-9665 (1)

14' 6" North Haven Dinghy, built at WoodenBoat School by Greg Rossel & his students in 1991, cedar planking on oak ribs. Rig, sails, sail cover & cradle included. Excellent condition. \$7,000. WOODENBOAT SCHOOL, Brooklin, ME 207-359-4651 (2)

'85 Rob Roy 23 Yawl, w/'97 Honda 8hp ob & '97 EZ-Loader trlr. Everything in vy gd cond. \$8,500. BOB WILLIAMS, 333 Christian St., Wallingford, CT 06492, (203) 265-0491 (2)

Eddyline Whisper XL Double Sea Kayak, '96, 21.5'x30". Exc expedition (high capacity & amazingly fast) kayak that's no longer made (it is too long!). Must sell, medical problem prevents use. Fast, stable, roomy expedition-ready double kayak w/center storage compartment that separates the paddlers so they don't interfere with each other. Designed for speed, carrying capacity, safety, & a drier ride. Tough commercial and surf layup, about 95lbs, in yellow/turquoise. In exc shape, lightly used, well-maintained & stored under cover. With 2 spray skirts and 2 Eddyline Swift paddles. Fifteen hundred dollars US, two hundred less w/paddles (trying to avert web crawlers and scams by spelling out prices). Will be traveling. Might be deliverable to some areas. Photos and info at <http://web.stcloudstate.edu/lroth/whisper.htm>, now in St. Cloud MN. LARRY ROTH, LRoTh@stcloudstate.edu (1)



Nord Vinden, 13'0" canoe yawl modeled after Geo. Holmes' Humber Yawl Ethel. 4'6"x24" folding cb, 100sf sail. 6mm sapele mahogany ply, epoxy coated. Approx 350lbs. Built by William Clements, Boatbuilder. Handsome sailer, rows & sculls well. Gd shape, nds some spring touch up. Asking \$7,900, trlr incl. HARRY BROADY, Monroe, WA, (360) 794-1227, hbroady@earthlink.net (2)



Cal 25 Sloop, '69, 4' draft, new main, jib, genoa, 4-stroke Yamaha 9.9 2yrs old. Well maintained, much gear goes too. \$3,900. KERRY LANGE, Stony Creek, CT, (203) 488-2004 (2P)



1960 Dell Quay Fisher 19' Open Diesel Launch. From Chichester, England, lapstrake fiberglass hull to traditional Norwegian design w/ original SABB 8hp diesel and variable pitch propeller. All in very good condition, engine runs correctly, with dual axle trailer. Fresh water use only. These boats are highly sought after and rare in England! \$7000. ROGER RUDDICK, Ft. Myers Beach, FL (239) 463-8887 (2)

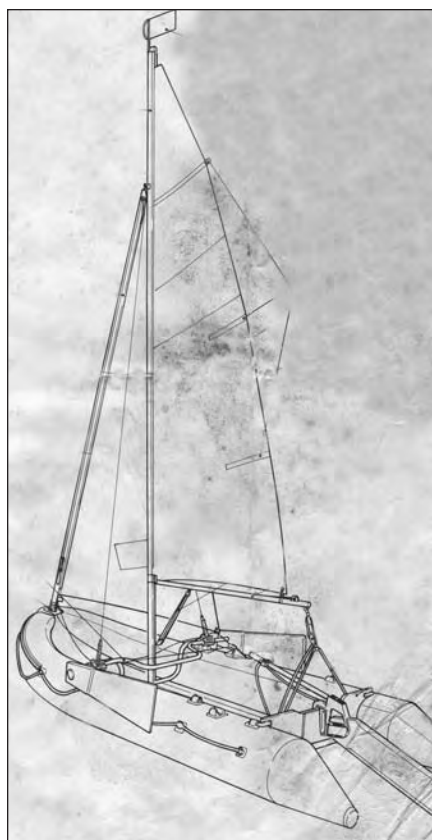
16' Lowell's Boatshop Sailing Surf Dory, in vy beautiful cond, w/oars, sails, & trailer; \$3,500 in present cond, \$4,500 completely refinished. 23' Macgregor Sailboat, w/seldom used Nissan 8hp ob, trlr, 2 sets sails, pop top canopy. Needs sprucing up. Only \$1,500. Old Town Adventure XL, 160 Sea Kayak, w/rudder, paddle, spray skirt, like new. \$1,000. '87 Citation Bow Rider 19' power boat, w/140hp Mercruiser in gd cond, Easyloader trlr. \$4,000. DAVID RAY, Bristol, ME, (207) 563-1032 (2)

1980 Seidelmann 25, ready to sail from berth on South River, MD (5 miles south of Annapolis). Average condition, main, jib, genoa, spinnaker. Honda 6hp outboard motor w/ cockpit shifter. STEVE, (703) 338-1153, sjdeatherage@yahoo.com or MIKE BOWSWORTH, Vienna, VA, 703-864-4174 (2)

O'Day 23, '72/'73, keel/cb, sitting headroom, roller furling, great handling sloop. \$1,500. Trlr (new). \$1,500. DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435 (2)

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SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE



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Chinese Junk Sail, approx 125sf area, rectangular plan form, 5 panel w/batten pockets. Used 4 times. \$200 obo. DON MUSANTE, Groton, CT, (860) 448-3615 (1)

GEAR FOR SALE

Yamaha 2-stroke 2hp Outboard Motor, never used, stored in cellar. \$450. Yamaha 2-stroke 2hp Outboard Motor, used, runs well. \$100. HAROLD SHETTLES, Salem, CT, (860) 859-2815, harold.m.shettles@snet.net (2)

British Seagull OB, #F952E1, lightweight (about 25lbs) ca '71. Asking \$150. JIM CROWELL, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-2475 anytime (1)

Matsushita Blades, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7/8" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order. BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)



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JENNY ROWE, Community School, S. Tamworth, NH, (603) 323-7000, director@communityschoolnh.org (1)

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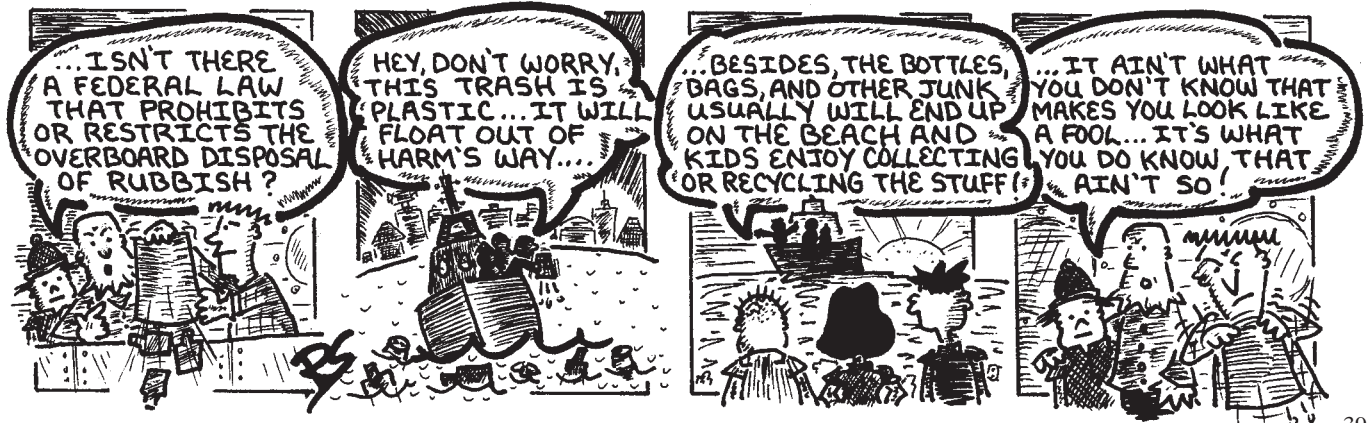
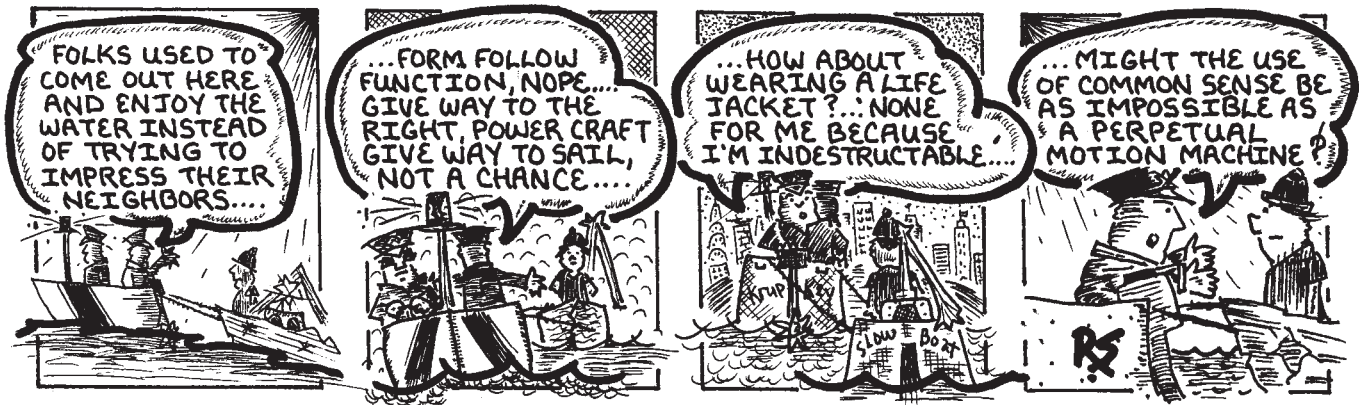
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May 4-6 Connecticut PBS Arts Festival,
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May 26-28 Woodstock Craftshow,
New Paltz, NY On Water Demos
June 16-17 The Clearwater Festival,
Croton, NY On Water Demos
June 23-24 Crafts at Rhinebeck
Rhinebeck, NY
July 6-8 Berkshire Crafts Festival,
Great Barrington, MA On Water Demos
July 14-15 Lake Champlain Small Boat Festival,
Vergennes, VT On Water Demos
July 20-22 Antique & Classic,
Hammondsport, NY, On Water Demos
July 27-29 Finger Lakes Boat Show,
Skaneateles, NY On Water Demos
Aug 3-5 Champlain Valley Folk Festival,
Vergennes, VT On Water Demos
Aug 3-5 Antique & Classic Boat Show,
Clayton, NY On Water Demos
Aug 10-12 Maine Boats, Homes and Harbors,
Rockland, ME On Water Demos
Sept 7-9 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival,
Port Townsend, WA On Water Demos
Oct 4-8 United States Sail Boat Show
Annapolis, MD

He said, "I thought we might go rowing over here."
She said, "I thought we might go rowing over *there*."
He said, "Shall we go out towards the middle of the lake?"
She said, "I thought we'd stay in, close to shore."
He said, "It looks like there might be a wedding about to start."
She said, "It looks more like a concert, I think."
He said, "Sounds like Beethoven."
She said, "Mozart, actually."
He said, "Did you plan this?"
She said, "Why do you ask?"
She also said, "I hope you like champagne."
She added, "And shrimp cocktail."



ps: A few months later, at a boatshow, he said, "Will you?"
She said, "I will."



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